

# Sports Illustrated

JULY 1, 1963

25 CENTS

***JULIUS BOROS—HE WON A WILD OPEN***





**No wonder the English have kept cool for 194 years!**

(Mix an iced drink with Gordon's to see how they do it.)



## HEADS UP PLAY

Tom Haller, San Francisco Giants' catcher, in close play, puts out Los Angeles Dodgers' John Roseboro sliding into home plate, at Los Angeles, July 27, 1962.

## HEADS UP LOOK



Tom Haller knows greasy creams and oils plaster down his hair, pile up on his comb. But Vitalis® keeps his hair neat all day without grease. Naturally—it has V-7, the greaseless grooming discovery. You can't see or feel any grease. But what a job it does!



Another Fine product of Bristol-Myers

**VITALIS KEEPS HAIR NEAT ALL DAY WITHOUT GREASE**



*"I think it's trying to tell me something"*

Indeed it is, sir. That little light is telling you a message came in while you were out. Just call the desk. **Message Waiting Service** is one of many conveniences of **Guest-Dial Phone Service** for business travelers. **Guest Dialing** lets travelers dial local calls direct, reach the Long Distance operator with one spin of the dial... **Portable**

**Phones** are within easy reach for setting dates and sealing deals... and **Guest Reservation Service** makes and confirms reservations by Long Distance or teletypewriter. Look for **Guest-Dial Phone Service** next time you travel, plan meetings or conventions. It's a valuable timesaver offered by the nation's leading hotels and motels.



**BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM**

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Cover photograph by Robert Hunter

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## Next week

**CASTING IS FUN** even if you don't catch any fish. Fishing is more fun if you cast well. Jon Tarantino, world amateur casting champion, does both, and he explains how you can, too.

**A REFRESHING FLACK** (or publicity man) named Harold Conrad is bringing imagination and Hollywood flair to the fight game. His talents now turn to the Liston-vs.-Paterson bout.

**THE WILDS OF CHILDHOOD** have a special nostalgia for every adult. Dolly Connelly recalls the summers of her youth spent on a tiny island off the mainland of British Columbia.



Why do we cut a little slot in the toe of AMF-Ben Hogan woods? For extra yards!

Since it helps you swing faster and drive further, we call it the Speed Slot. It adds speed to the club head because it lets air flow *through* the toe to break up air drag. And it's exclusive with AMF-Ben Hogan.

By the way, Ben Hogan doesn't just lend his name to these clubs. He designs, styles and personally watches over the making of everything he puts his name on. When you swing a Ben Hogan wood or iron,

you have his experience and skill behind you.

You can't buy AMF-Ben Hogan clubs and balls just anywhere. They're sold only by golf professionals. Ask your pro about them (and have your wife ask about the Fashion/Colour woods for ladies). Fore!

American Machine & Foundry Company  
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\* Because Our Product has traditionally been brewed for the stronger sex. Rainier Ale has never been light, feminine, or dry; it has always been dark, masculine, and very wet. A stirring record.

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*Quality that speaks for itself...*

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... with Budd-built body parts



The 1963 Lincoln Continental needs no superlatives to announce its truly superior quality. One glance is enough to tell you that here is one of the great luxury cars—distinctive in design, outstanding in performance. It is but one of the twenty leading American cars for which Budd supplies quality body components. Budd Automotive products include . . . fenders, hoods, roofs, doors, body panels, chassis frames, wheels, rims, hubs, drums, brakes.

**Budd** Automotive

DETROIT 15



# Sports Illustrated

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## You can take a friend along

Now, take your Alka-Seltzer along in the new foil-wrapped pack. Each tablet is sealed in foil, instantly ready to relieve headache and upset stomach wherever you may be. Packed 12 individually foil-wrapped tablets in a box.



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STATE ZIP

# What is a fan-jet?

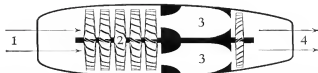
The American Airlines fan-jet story

A jet is propelled by the thrust of its engines.

But this thrust comes from a very hot exhaust, and hot air is thin air—a little like a lightweight's punch.

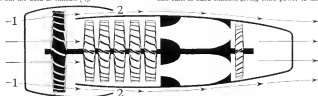
The fan-jet makes a sort of heavyweight out of it.

This engine, which American Airlines helped develop, takes



[Above] Ordinary jet draws air in the front (1), compresses it (2), and heats it in a burner chamber (3). This expands it and it shoots out the back as exhaust (4).

[Below] Fan-jet draws in extra air through an enlarged inlet (1). This extra air is partly compressed (2). Then, still cool, it shoots through side exits as extra exhaust, giving extra power to the plane.



in twice as much air as ordinary jets and gives the thrust twice as much body. The result is 30% extra power—so much that the plane itself had to be changed.

This was the birth of our first Astrojet in 1961.

Astrojets take off and climb faster, fly more quietly, and use the fan-jet's extra power to help get you in on time.

Only 2 airlines in the U.S. have fan-jets on every jet they fly. American and Western.

American has 64 fan-jets, 41 more than any other airline.

# SCORECARD

## THE ALL-STARS

On the premise that we can make as many mistakes as the ballplayers, and are no less chauvinistic, it is our custom to anticipate the vote of the National and American League All-Star teams. Their annual game will be played July 9 in Cleveland. We go the players a few steps better, selecting for each league three pitchers, plus a relief pitcher, and then, pressing on to the end, a batting order:

### AMERICAN LEAGUE

Albie Pearson, Los Angeles, CF  
Nelson Fox, Chicago, 2B  
Leon Wagner, Los Angeles, LF  
Al Kaline, Detroit, RF  
Frank Malzone, Boston, 3B  
Joe Pepitone, New York, 1B  
Earl Battey, Minnesota, C  
Zolito Versalles, Minnesota, SS  
Steve Barber, Baltimore, P  
Camilo Pascual, Minnesota, P  
Whitely Ford, New York, P  
Oick Radatz, Boston, RP

### NATIONAL LEAGUE

Vada Pinson, Cincinnati, CF  
Oick Groat, St. Louis, SS  
Tommy Davis, Los Angeles, LF  
Henry Aaron, Milwaukee, RF  
Bill White, St. Louis, 1B  
Ed Bailey, San Francisco, C  
Ken Boyer, St. Louis, 3B  
Bill Mazeroski, Pittsburgh, 2B  
Sandy Koufax, Los Angeles, P  
Jim Marichal, San Francisco, P  
Juan O'Toole, Cincinnati, P  
Al McBean, Pittsburgh, RP

## GLASS WAR

Plenty of noise has been made about the unesthetic quality of a countryside littered with cans, papers, bottles and old shoes, but there is growing evidence that the glass among such refuse may be not just a mess but a menace. Clear glass, and particularly clear glass bottles containing a residue of clear liquid, can concentrate the sun's rays and, in a dry area, start fires. Bottles, jugs and, provocatively, goldfish bowls, have been known to establish blazes.

Bert L. Cole, Commissioner of the

State of Washington Department of Natural Resources, recalls a time bomb in the form of a clear glass jug of gasoline left in the sun in the back of a truck. The sun, shining through the jug, set fire to a box in the truck; the heat cracked the jug, and the blaze roared out over 19,000 acres before it was put down. Less spectacularly, the goldfish bowl sat in front of a lady's dining-room window. She seemed to smell smoke every day, but could find nothing until finally she noticed small, burned semicircles on the dining-room table. Elsewhere, tents have caught fire from Silex coffee-makers and brush fires have been ignited by water jugs. Obviously, discarded glass needs to be recognized as a serious threat to woodlands. Clear glass, that is. Experimenters have been unable to start a fire with the darker glass of beer bottles, which does not suggest anything to water drinkers and pop guzzlers except to be less snug and more tidy.

## WHACKS AND WAVES

The propaganda of college football publicists is hard to come by in the summer. They are pressed into issuing accounts of how this player or that is making himself more formidable, more formidable on summer jobs that practically smell of muscle. Vanderbilt University may be pardoned, therefore, if it goes only halfway with its summer report on Randy Wieser, a 6-foot-1, 205-pound center. Randy will take six weeks' training in the Marine Corps at Quantico, Va. Then he will go home to Dallas and work in his father's beauty parlor as a hairdresser.

## CAN'T STOP PITCHING

The box score in a baseball game at Huntsville, Texas, last week showed the winning pitcher to be Eljah (Scottie) Walker, who pitched a five-hit shutout and batted in two of his team's four runs. What the box score did not reveal was that Walker is 68 years old. He started in professional baseball in 1914 with the Memphis Red Sox, a barnstorming Negro team, and says he once played with Satchel Paige and Josh Gibson on the

Kansas City Monarchs. For the last 21 years, however, Walker has been getting nowhere with his pitching, being a resident member of the Texas Department of Corrections (state prison) team. The oldest winning pitcher in captivity is serving a life sentence for murder.

## THOUGHT HE'D DROP IN

It is the commuter's belief that the end of the world will come in one crashing big traffic jam. Vic Bastien of Tulsa believes this and has, he says, suffered his last red light, gulped his last exhaust fume. Vic used to spend 30 minutes inching along to his job as program director for KOMA radio. He now rents airplane space and parachutes to the studio. Hang the expense, says Vic, it's 15 minutes closer. Besides, every time he gets into harness he's heading for a new world record for diving to work. To date he has fallen 11 miles to KOMA. Each day announcers at the station walk through a cow pasture—carefully, carefully—to show away the cattle so the drop zone will be clear. The only obstacles then, says Bastien, are 500 trees, spectators'

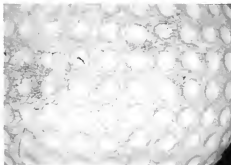
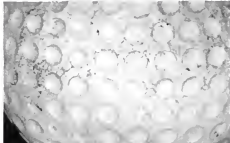
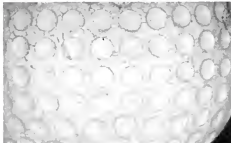


ears, a busy highway, inquisitive hawks, four transmitter towers (each 290 feet high), barbed wire, genuine fertilizer and poison ivy. Bastien says coming down "is like trying to play shuffleboard with a fried egg." But it beats traffic, he says.

## NOW TO SECEDE

Last week the *Wall Street Journal* put out an ad whose purpose was to tempt more advertisers to spend money in the

*continued*



**Five balls were tortured the same way**  
Punch-pressed—smashed, bruised, and hammered by mechanical torturers—drowned in water for hours—shot into metal drums—punch-pressed and squashed again.



**Only the new Dot came back alive**

Each of these golf balls took a battering you couldn't inflict on it, no matter how many holes you played.

The new Dot never wined.

These unretouched photographs show what happened to the other four—counted among America's five leading golf balls—each constructed with a conventional two piece cover. But the new Dot—with its exclusive one piece, Polyundyne<sup>®</sup> cover—stayed white, stayed alive,

kept its energetic approach to the green.

Why? The cover stock and paint are created out of the same durable material. That builds a vital, unified bond between them, makes whiteness more than paint-deep.

And every Dot is electronically tested—to insure maximum distance within U.S.G.A. rules—before it's allowed to get as far as the first tee. New Dot, designed for, and sold only through, golf professional shops

**SPALDING**  
SINCE 1897

*Wall Street Journal*. There was a huge photograph of Dodger Shortstop Maury Wills coming up from a hard slide, and below the picture two lines of bold type that said:

Maury Wills did.

Business men should.

Well now, there is the kind of frankness we like. As baseball fans on the *Wall Street Journal* and elsewhere know, last year Maury Wills set a new record for stealing. He stole more than 100 times in the season, the duration of which coincides quite closely with the second- and third-quarter fiscal business intervals. And what was even more impressive from both the baseball and businessman's point of view was that he rarely got caught. What the *Wall Street Journal*'s ad went on to say was this: "The Dodger star hit a gratifying .299 last year. But he converted a merely good season into a *stand-out* season by seizing every opportunity to advance after getting on first base."

Well, gentlemen, the call is clear. This first quarter of the year has been good—about a .299 quarter, we'd say. So take a good, long lead, and if the Securities and Exchange Commission goes into a long windup, break for second, or even third. However, we don't know quite what to recommend about home—which we always thought of as Brazil. But since Eddie Gilbert got caught in a rundown, we would say: be careful.

#### TENNIS, WITH FEELING

Pancho Gonzalez, once the world's best tennis player, and Tony Trabert, head of the touring pros, are being rude to each other with a consistency reminiscent of Gonzalez' sulking feuds with old pro king Jack Kramer. Gonzalez dropped out of serious competition two years ago, but he is back fighting now because now there is more to fight about, more money. Like a girl just shorn of her pistols, pro tennis is suddenly coming up roses. This season Trabert got sponsors for several lush tournaments. He also got rights to a profitable television series. Then he found that Gonzalez had wildcatted for a \$35,000 TV contract with his brother-in-law, Tom Tannenbaum, and had persuaded Pancho Segura to sign up, too. Trabert promptly suspended both players from the International Professional Tennis Players Association, making them ineligible for the IPTPA tournament held recently in Los Angeles.

continued

## Do you suffer from these nagging driver complaints?



Bottoming



Rear-end sag



Swaying on curves



Headlight tilting

## Gabriel Load-Carriers cure them fast

On city highways or rugged country roads... loaded lightly or packed to the gunnels... cars ride safely, smoothly, efficiently on Gabriel Load-Carriers.

Here is the most advanced design in coil-spring load assists available today. The shock absorber portion is Gabriel's famous heavy-duty shock. The variable-rate spring is pre-set so that it will remain fully resilient... won't sag, no matter how hard the use.

And for a perfect combination, make it Load-Carriers in the rear... *Ajustomatic* shock absorbers in the front.

The Gabriel *Ajustomatic* is the only shock absorber that can be pre-set to deliver the ride you want for the driving you actually do. Adjusts to a choice

of three ride-control ranges... it is, in effect, three shock absorbers in one.

Gabriel Load-Carriers, Gabriel *Ajustomatics*. Easily, inexpensively installed, they save springs... relieve undue pressures and strains throughout... add miles to a good car's life. Ask about them today.



THE GABRIEL COMPANY  
Cleveland 15, Ohio



## After they subtract, they add.

Yardley men's deodorants have a double purpose. First they stop unpleasant odor. Then they add a fresh, appealing, manly fragrance. It took Yardley to create this sensible, two-way grooming: The greatest under-arm protection you've ever known, plus the advantage of a fine, clean, woody after-arsoma.

To suit two distinct male prefer-

ences in deodorants, Yardley makes these advanced products in two forms. *Yardley Roll-On* is a modern, safe antiperspirant that keeps you neatly dry. *Yardley Stick* is for men who think a little light, odor-free perspiration is a healthy thing.

Each of these exceptional Yardley deodorants costs only \$1.

Small price for double-duty.

## SCORECARD *continued*

But Trabert rules a limited monarchy. He could not keep the renegade Panchos out of this week's big pro match at Forest Hills, because they signed separate contracts with the sponsoring Wildon Productions, Inc., which really couldn't care less about harmony. To further Trabert's discomfort, Gonzalez filed a \$150,000 antitrust suit against him and several other pros and the IPTPA itself. By suspending Gonzalez, they are "making fools of themselves", said Gonzalez. "Nice fella," said Trabert.

Thus embroiled, the pros go to Forest Hills this week. All of them will play, including protagonists Trabert and Gonzalez. The prospects are delicious for a turbulent tournament. "At least it's safe to say," said Trabert, "that there is going to be a little feeling."

## TOD MUCH LIABILITY

Most states have long been enforcing laws that nobody wants, and now Connecticut wants a law that nobody can enforce. Connecticut State Police have been pushing a bill, the first of its kind, requiring that auto racetracks carry complete liability insurance to cover everybody: racers, employees, spectators, management and agents. The police had in fact pushed it right through the legislature to Governor John Dempsey's desk for the signature that would have made it effective October 1, when State Police Major Carroll Shaw requested a halt. He had discovered that not one insurance company in the U.S. would write such a policy.

## BREAK UP THE TROJANS?

It was news last week when Oklahoma State's golf team won the NCAA championship, news because: 1) Houston did not win, 2) Southern California did not win. Houston, of course, is the perennial golf champion—six team titles in seven years, five individual titles out of six. But no one from Houston even made the seminals this year. In the finals, R. H. Sikes of Arkansas, who wears sideburns, beat John Lotz of San Jose State, who wore faded Bermudas and a flapping shirttail and cleaned his bull by plopping it into his mouth.

Southern Cal, on the other hand, has simply started to win everything. The Trojans won four official NCAA titles this year—swimming, baseball, track (SI, June 24), and tennis—and were a unanimous, if unofficial, choice as na-

*continued*

You sure will TAN  
(sure won't burn)  
with SEA & SKI

NOTE THE WRAP-AROUND  
SUNGLASSES THE ORIGINAL  
SEA & SKI SPECTACULARS  
BY RENAULD OF FRANCE.

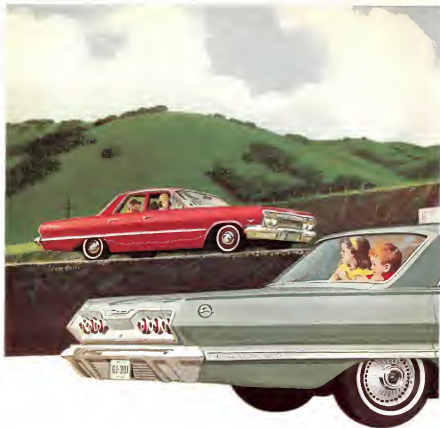
Sea & Ski's unique sun filter was perfected by the Desert Research Institute. It lets in more tanning rays than its nearest competitor, blocks out most burning rays. Test after test proves that no other suntan lotion can match it. That's why millions tan best with Sea & Ski. Why you will, too!

**Get the best of the sun—get SEA & SKI!**



**Great news for oil users!  
SEA & SKI OIL-LESS OIL**

A new kind of suntan oil! Wonderfully light, non-greasy and non-oily. Penetrates to protect under the skin. Gives a super-fast, super-safe tan! P.S. For extra protection on nose and lips get new Sea & Ski Snootie!



### *Takes the bounce out of everything but the kids*

Stick with us, though, and we'll even give you an idea for quieting them down a little.

Here's how it's done on the Chevrolet. We place more than 700 shock and sound deadeners throughout the car. And we put a generous soft-flexing coil spring at all four wheels.

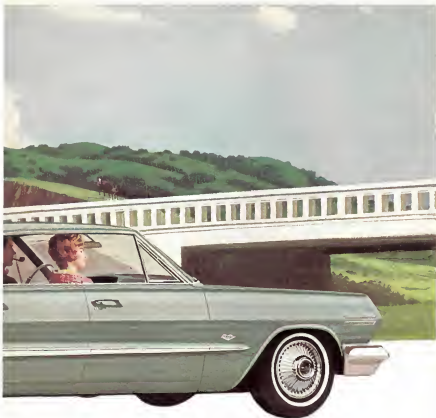
So when you hit a rough spot, they bounce—not you. Why, that habit you have of hunching

your shoulders and sucking in your breath when you suddenly see a bump in the road will completely disappear.

And, incidentally, so will a lot of your worries about batteries and brakes and rust.

Because all Chevrolets—Impalas, Bel Airs and even the lowest priced Biscaynes—have a new Delcotron generator to make your battery last





*Left, above: Bel Air 4-Door Sedan. Directly above: Impala Sport Sedan.*

## JET-SMOOTH CHEVROLET

longer. And new self-adjusting brakes to save you time and money. And new self-cleaning ventilated rocker panels that give rust a devil of a time ever getting started.

With all that a Chevrolet offers, you wonder what anyone gets by paying any more for a car.

And, as promised, we'll even throw in this suggestion for taking some of the bounce out of

the children when you're traveling, as well as helping them with their arithmetic. Have them play a game of adding up the numbers on each of the bouncing license plates you pass by....

Chevrolet Division  
of General Motors,  
Detroit 2, Michigan.



*The make more people depend on*



## Quality

Sport, in all its variety, is always something to be seen. And it has never been seen before as it is in **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**. Photographers have developed totally new techniques to capture the speed, the action, the color and the dramatic moments which abound in the world of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**. Artists have looked with fresh eyes at its many moods and recorded them on canvas for the magazine. No other weekly magazine focuses on a subject for art so challenging, so demanding and so colorful. And it is presented with a quality that interests those who seek to raise standards everywhere. **Sports Illustrated**

tional football champs. No other school ever won so many championships in one year, and no other school president should be prouder than Dr. Norman Topping, who rattled USC alumni by raising entrance requirements to giddy heights after he took over five years ago. Dr. Topping insisted that USC would have "excellence in athletics" only if there was "excellence throughout the university." Excellence has come to USC, in toto and in spades.

#### FIRE THE HANDICAPPED

When the Tigers win three games in a row Detroit talks pennant, and when they lose three in a row the manager gets fired. Detroit has had 10 managers in 12 years in pursuing this outlandish course. The new man on the job is Chuck Dressen, who has been everybody's favorite sparkplug for years, and has himself been replaced as often as one (he has managed five clubs without brilliance). Why did Detroit fire Bob Schefling? The usual reasons. Sluggers Colavito and Cash weren't slugging, and Pitchers Aguirre, Bunning and Mossi weren't pitching (Frank Lary is in Kansasville, for crying out loud), and Jake Wood was running the bases like he was mystified by their sequence. Obviously, under those circumstances, Manager Schefling couldn't believe the romance coming out of the front office ("Schefling's job is absolutely safe"), because obviously, too, you can't fire Colavito, Cash or Bunning for being lousy. They have to play. So the Tigers not only fired Schefling, they fired his coaching staff as well, and it was rumored all the way to Texas and back that the trainer and clubhouse boy would be next. "Too bad," said Houston Manager Harry Craft. "I heard the clubhouse boy was having a great year."

#### THEY SAID IT

- Clemmon's Frank Howard, at a Florida State University coaches' clinic that included Maryland's Tom Nugent, no friend of Howard's: "Somebody walked up to me and asked how many great coaches I thought were here for the clinic. I told him, 'One less than Tom Nugent thinks there is.'"

- Sportscaster Lindsey Nelson, in describing Duke Snider's 400th home run: "It's another record for the Duke! He's the first player ever to hit his 400th home run on color television!"

END



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# BIG JAY HAS HIS DAY

Serene Julius Boros, the 43-year-old muscle man with the butter-smooth swing, outlasts his harassed competition on a much-maligned golf course to win the wildest U.S. Open ever **by ALFRED WRIGHT**

For 50 years people have been talking about that most amazing climax of all U.S. Open golf championships, in which an unknown 20-year-old Bostonian named Francis Ouimet finished in a tie with the famous British champions, Harry Vardon and Ted Ray, at The Country Club in Brookline, Mass. Now it may be another 50 years before anyone forgets the wild events at last week's 1963 Open Championship, played over the same course to commemorate the golden anniversary of Ouimet's eventual victory in his three-way playoff. Fittingly enough, there was another three-way tie at the end of 72 holes, but only after some of the hairiest, slap-happiest tournament golf since the demise of the gutty ball and the hickory shaft.

This time the playoff winner was 43-year-old Julius Boros, the antithesis of young Ouimet. Boros is a hardened pro with the dimensions (6 feet and 210 pounds) of a linebacker and the temperament of a turtle. Facing Arnold Palmer and young Jacky Cupit in last Sunday's playoff, Boros was the least likely man in the world of golf to be panicked by the 18 holes of awesome competition that lay ahead. To some spectators it looked more as if his main problem was just staying awake until the end of the afternoon.

As the three players started down the first fairway, the landscape of Brookline was finally in a calm and beneficent mood after three days of violent winds

that blew golf shots and golf scores every which way. All week birdies had been as scarce as live redcoats on Bunker Hill, but that was just past history as far as phlegmatic Julie Boros was concerned. Firing three birdies on the first nine for a two-under-par 33, he built up a three-stroke lead over Palmer and four over Cupit, a 25-year-old Texan whose four brothers are also golf professionals. On the back nine Boros just kept ambling along, dropping in another birdie on the 17th and finishing with a one-under-par 70, while Palmer, fighting an upset stomach and playing some of the most erratic golf of his spectacular career, blew to a 76 despite four birdies of his own. Cupit, taking the middle road, plodded to a 73, beating out Palmer for second place. For hefty Boros, it meant a hefty purse: \$17,500.

As befits the disposition of the winner, it was a placid climax to a hectic weekend. Not since an unknown named Sam Parks sneaked in a winner of the Open Championship at Oakmont in 1935 with a score of 299 had the winning score of a major U.S. tournament been so high. The 293 strokes that Boros, Cupit and Palmer took over The Country Club's 72 holes and the other money-winning totals, that climbed as high as 320, caused touring pro Mason Rudolph to muse, "They look like the scores at a caddy tournament."

Subpar golf has become a matter of pride among modern professional golf-

ers, and nothing bugs them quite so much as an uncooperative golf course. All last week The Country Club was just that, and it was abetted by the unpredictable winds. "They ought to draw a white line around the course and call it ground under repair," whined one golfer. Former Open Champion Ed Furgol said they should proclaim it a disaster area. When Samuel Wolcott Jr., the president of The Country Club, went into the locker-room bar for a drink, Doug Ford advised him, "If you're sensitive about your golf course, you'd better put plugs in your ears."

Most Country Club members were too polite to answer back, although at least a few of the indictments of the course were either routine gripes or just bad information. One widespread complaint had it that The Country Club had dyed the grass to make the course look presentable. So it had, on three of the greens only—two that had been burned out by winterkill and one on which vandals had painted obscene words just before the tournament began. The strongest public response to all the mutterings came from a Boston sportswriter who blurted in print, "These golfers talk as if they wanted to go big game hunting at the zoo."

Bostonians should not have been surprised

*At once as always, the oldest player to win it sits happily beside his U.S. Open trophy.*



prised at the furor, for it is axiomatic that several days before the Open begins, the columns of the nation's sports pages will carry painful outcries from the contestants about the brutality of the Open course. The rough has been allowed to grow into the fairways to the point where the ball can only be kept in play with a rifle. The greens are as slippery as a ball-room floor. The bunkers are as unplayable as Grand Canyon. The USGA is a monster.

But this year's din of complaint was perhaps the loudest ever. The Country Club is an old-fashioned course in its natural state, shorter than the younger courses where most of the modern championships are played. To make it suitable for the Open, it had to be tightened. Then along came a severe New England winter which burned out patches of fairway grass with a disease known as winterkill. When the golfers arrived at The Country Club for their practice rounds they found spots where even their best shots lodged in tight and difficult lies.

Chick Harbert, a former PGA champion, took one look at Brookline and called it the "Cadillac of golf courses—1911 model." Palmer, trying his nice best to be nice Arnie, refused to be critical until somebody asked about the 470-yard 12th hole. "It's ridiculous," he said. On and on went the comments, like a Greek chorus in full cry.

Nobody, however, was prepared for the kind of resistance that The Country Club actually put up once the tournament began. At the end of Thursday's play only two of the 136 pros and 14 amateurs in the field had broken the par of 71. The 12th hole had lived up to its advance notices. Just five birdies were scored on it the whole day—one of them by Palmer. But the 11th, a 445-yard par-4, had made the 12th seem like a pitch and putt hole. There were seven birdies on 11, but there were also 21 double bogeys or worse as the pros slapped shot upon shot into Horseshoe Pond, an otherwise inoffensive body of water guarding the front of the green.

The wind throughout Thursday had been about 30 knots, the sort of freshening breeze that once gladdened the hearts of Boston sailing captains but does nothing to stimulate Brookline golfers. Nor was it merely the wind and the heavy rough that was responsible for the high scores. The fairway grass was about half an inch longer than normal. Consequent-



THE PUTT THAT CAUSED THE PLAYOFF On the last hole Saturday, Jacky Capil needed a

ly, iron shots hit to Brookline's tiny greens could not be stopped as sharply or held on line as well as usual. Thus, there were already signs of the trouble yet to come.

By nightfall nobody had much to boast of on the scoreboard, not even the Big Three. Palmer was at 73, Gary Player at 74 and Jack Nicklaus at 76—and every player in the Open was telling himself that he had already gotten his bad round out of his system.

The second day was no better. Palmer, with a magnificent 69, one of his finest rounds of golf this year, was at even-par 142, tied for the lead with Cupit and Dow Finsterwald, who also had a 69. No one was to write a better score out of this stubborn golf course all week. Meantime, most of the nation's finest golfers were stumbling from tee to green, hacking through the woods and rough. Among those who failed to qualify when the field was cut to the low 50 for the final day was Nicklaus himself, the defending champion. Scidmore in his brief career as a pro had Nicklaus made quite such a dismal showing in an important tournament. His driving was erratic, his approach shots off line, and

his usually unfaltering putter went completely berserk. Nicklaus had a great deal of distinguished company as he packed his equipment and left Brookline on Friday afternoon. There was Tommy Bolt, the 1958 Open champion; Doug Ford, one of the all-time money winners among the pros; Dr. Cary Middlecoff, twice an Open champion; and Labron Harris Jr., the current National Amateur champion. In fact, not one of the 14 amateurs in the tournament survived the cut. At this point 299 rounds had been played in the Open, and only five of them were under par.

There are certain shocked pros who now contend that those who escaped Friday night were the lucky ones, for U.S. golf has never seen anything to equal what happened during Saturday's 36 holes of play. The day belonged more to March than to June, with a cloudless blue sky and a wind that made the one of the previous day seem like a gentle sea breeze. Some gusts neared 45 knots, and these were swirling blasts that varied across one whole quadrant of the compass, making the planning of a shot more an occult art than a science. At certain holes the wind was actually



76-footer to win. The ball rimmed the cup and when it spun out Cupit spun, too, dropping his putter as his best chance for the title vanished.

sucking the sand out of traps and blowing it like a miniature Sahara storm across fairways.

"It was the most difficult wind I have ever played in," Palmer said later. Nonetheless, he started off like a man who intended to put the championship on ice without further ado. Wearing a bright red sweater and light gray slacks, he bounded down the fairway as if he could scarcely wait to hit the ball. He was spraying his shots, to be sure, but for the first time at Brookline his putter was really working. He sank a four-footer for his par at the first, a 30-footer for his par 3 at the 2nd, another four-footer for his par at the 3rd. At the 4th he chipped from the back edge of the green to within an inch of the cup for another par, sank a 15-footer for his par at the 5th and was down in the stand-and-two putts at the 6th for another par. Now, for a brief minute, Palmer had the tournament lead. He was never to have it again.

When he arrived at the 7th hole, a 200-yard par-3, the tee shot was almost dead into the wind that was then blowing out of the southwest. Arnold hit his shot short, into the long rough. He pitched

the ball eight feet past the hole and took three putts to get it down from there—a double bogey 5 that put him two over par for the round.

"That's when I found out how fast the greens were," he brooded afterward. "Up until then I hadn't noticed, because all my putts had been going in. Suddenly I realized the wind had dried out the greens, and they were about as slick as any I had ever seen." Many of them, in fact, were faster than Oakmont's famed speedways of last year's Open. Thus, another factor had developed that would raise scores.

Even so, Palmer conceded nothing more to par until he reached the treacherous 11th. Here he hit a two-iron out of the short rough at the edge of the fairway for his second shot, but the wind caught it and plopped it into the pond. By the time Arnold had taken his penalty stroke and three-putted the small green for a triple bogey, he was five over par. He lost another stroke to par on the 14th and finally finished his morning round with a horrendous 77.

In any other Open of modern times, a 77 would cook your goose. But not at Brookline, Palmer was still in a tie for

second, only a stroke behind Cupit, who had taken a 76. Also tied for second were Tony Lema, the effervescent young Californian, and Walter Burkemo, a 44-year-old former PGA champion who nowadays spends most of his time as a club pro. Two strokes further back at eight over par were Paul Harney, Billy Maxwell, Bruce Crampton, Dow Finsterwald and one final fellow, Julius Boros, who was getting some deserved attention.

Why Boros, more than the other four? There was a good reason. In 1952 Boros had won the Open in Dallas, for one thing. But there was more than that. The Open had always been Boros' special challenge, and it always had stimulated his best golf. A Connecticut native of Hungarian extraction, Boros did not turn professional until 1949, at the relatively advanced age of 29. Since then, he had compiled an Open record that far excelled his general performance on the tour. In addition to winning in 1952, he had a second place, two thirds, two fourths and a fifth. His 1952 win in Dallas came in weather and under playing conditions that had the rest of the field fuming. When everyone, including Ben Hogan,

*a continued*

wilted in the 98° heat Boros marched coolly on. "You are a magician," said Hogan, who thereafter called him Mandraka. But a large part of the Boros magic was his refusal to get upset about the ever-tough playing conditions of U.S. Open courses. (Boros claims that his serene appearance belies a certain amount of inward tension. "Inside I was pretty nervous during that playoff today," he said Sunday. "although I may not always show it. But I'm human like everyone else. I guess it's just that my personality makeup is a little different than other people's.") Since his 1952 victory, Big Jay, as some of his friends call him, had plodded his quiet way along the tournament trail, earning a good income with his lazy, fluid swing but never making much of a splash. All of a sudden he started playing winning golf again at the Colonial National Invitation in Fort Worth in early May, scored another victory three weeks ago at the Buck Open in Flint, Mich., and was hitting the ball so well there that Jack Burke Jr. said, "If Julius doesn't win the Open this year

it will be because somebody cheated."

The clubhouse during the lunch break on Saturday was more a cyclone's eye than a place to get a bit of Brookline's beef hash before attempting the last 18 holes of a U.S. Open. Somebody tried to congratulate Jack Cupit on his round. "A 76!" stormed Jacky, ignoring the fact that he was the leader. "You're in a good position. Dow," a reporter said to Finsterwald, who turned on a glow that would have wilted grass and, as he exited, he slammed a screen door. "I'm running out of jokes," said Palmer, with that 77 in mind. Jay Hebert had an 83 to brood about, Gene Littler an 80, Mike Souchak an 82, and Tommy Aaron a grotesque 91. George Bayer, an 8 and a 9 on his scorecard, said, "I don't care. I just want to get out of here alive." So it went, an entire Open field cursing itself, the elements, the whole state of Massachusetts and anything else that was handy.

In that mood, everybody went back to the bullying wind, determined to make up ground. This is understandable in a touring professional who has just shot in

the high 70s. He feels he needs a string of birdies to return to contention. Many of the leaders seemed to press for the birdies, but birdies were not really required at all, it turned out. Par golf would have won.

Cupit bogeyed the first hole of the afternoon but quickly settled down and parred his way through the rest of the first nine for a 36. At one point Lema was even with Cupit, but he bogeyed the 8th and the 10th holes to drop two strokes behind. Palmer bogeyed three of the first nine holes to drop three strokes back and seemingly fall out of contention.

Yet when Palmer arrived at the 10th hole he sank a long birdie putt that brought an ear-splitting scream from his enormous gallery, and the anticipation that this volatile man generates grew intense. People dashed from all over the course to join Arnie's army.

"Daddy," a Boston teen-ager said to his father, "aren't you and mammy going to the wedding this afternoon?"

"We can't," his father replied. "Too exciting here."



by JACK NICKLAUS

## 'I GOT ALL KEYED UP AND I THOUGHT I WAS GOING TO WIN'

Major golf tournaments have taken on such immense importance—and I am talking about prestige as well as money—that playing in them has become something more than just having your game in shape. There is the increasing problem of keeping your emotions under control as well. It is not at all difficult to get keyed up for a tournament. But how do you keep from becoming so keyed up that you can no longer play golf the way you should?

A lot of things went wrong for me at The Country Club in Brookline last week, but my failure to maintain emotional control was what caused me the most trouble of all.

At the Masters I was very keyed up on the eve of the tournament, but my game was so sound that I felt nothing but confidence. At the Open, however, I felt nothing but annoyance and frustration. I was not hitting the ball at all well nor was I putting well in practice. Time was short and

I was too charged up to be able to do anything about it.

I came into last week's Open as both the defending champion and the Masters champion. Ever since I won at Augusta in April I had been working toward this Open Championship. I was looking forward to it so eagerly, in fact, that I could hardly think about anything else all spring. By the week before the tournament I was sky-high. People have told me I didn't appear to be so charged up. Maybe I

didn't look it, but I was. I was mean and irritable. Little things upset me. I was snapping at my wife, Barbara, and in general I was scarcely fit to live with.

While getting worked up to this pitch for the Open, I was also trying to adjust my game. I wanted to change my shots to fit my idea of how The Country Club course should be played. First of all, I figured that the course would not be too tight. I decided I would do best by hitting my



He was right. Boros, who seemed to have lost all chances when he dunked a shot into Horseshoe Pond, unemotionally birdied the 70th and 71st holes and finished with a score of 293—nine over par. He then sauntered into the locker room, ordered a glass of beer and began reading his mail.

Next it was Palmer's turn. Thanks to a couple of bogeys by Cupit, Arnold arrived at the par-3 16th only a single stroke out of the lead. Palmer's tee shot here left him a curling 20-foot putt to the hole and, as he stepped up to it, one of his army remarked, "He's due for one of these long ones. He's been putting so well these last few holes." Palmer thereupon stroked the ball firmly into the center of the cup, and by all odds the loudest cheer of the tournament came from his army. Now Arnold was tied with Cupit for the lead—at eight over par.

At just that moment Cupit was looking over a 25-foot chip shot from the long rough at the edge of the 15th green, not 200 yards from where Palmer's roar

had emerged. He heard the noise, and he knew what had happened. Yet he took out his sand wedge and chipped this difficult shot into the hole for a birdie of his own. He was once again in the lead—seven over par.

It was the 17th hole, a relatively simple dogleg to the left of 365 yards, that finally brought the championship into a three-way tie. One of the major criticisms of The Country Club course was the four weak finishing holes, and the 17th was among the weakest of these. A well-placed tee shot with a three-wood left only an easy wedge to the green for the strong hitters.

Here Lema took a bogey 5 by hooking his second into a trap and thus fell out of contention.

Here Palmer three-putted a few moments later, missing an 18-inch, to slip two strokes behind Cupit and apparently lose all hope.

And here Cupit, playing just behind Palmer, took a double-bogey 6 to set up the Sunday playoff that made Boros the new Open champion.

Old men sitting in rocking chairs on the front porch of The Country Club and watching all this remembered that 50 years ago Harry Vardon came to grief at this same 71st hole, thus bringing about the three-way playoff between himself, Ray and Ouimet. Saturday made the 1963 Open almost as memorable as the one 50 years before, and it is certainly to be hoped that the excitement will linger long after the controversy about the golf course. To be sure, there were fairways that were far from ideal, but everyone—as the cliché goes—was playing the same course.

Also, there were never better hosts than the Bostonians, who worked so hard to make this tournament a success. New England charm and courtesy, so evident in the galleries, was a welcome treat to those who must spend a good deal of time in other parts of the country. In the long run, the visitors to Francis Ouimet's country club will recall the environment and forget their scores. And what is so wrong with a 293? It was good enough for Big Jay. **END**

tee shots as I normally do—which is just as hard as I can. This turned out to be a bit of happy optimism that contributed to my troubles. In the past when I have tried to hit the ball as hard as possible I have been able to keep it straight by employing a slight left-to-right fade. So after learning to hook from right to left in order to play well in the Masters, I had to adjust back to what I had done before. Because of the small greens at The Country Club I also wanted to hit my irons from left to right.

I began working on these adjustments during the two-week vacation I took from the tour following the Memphis Open and—though they were more difficult than I thought they would be—by the last round of the Thunderbird Classic I felt my game was almost in shape. I could hardly have been more wrong.

My troubles started right off the first tee. I hit my open-

ing drive very well and dead straight. But I had aimed wrong, and it went into deep rough on the left side of the fairway. From there all I could do was chop the ball out for a bogey. On the 190-yard, par-3 2nd hole I hit my tee shot well, but into the rough on the right side of the hole. That cost me another bogey. I then bogeyed the 3rd hole by hitting my drive into the rough again. It suddenly occurred to me that I was now exactly six shots back of the Jack Nicklaus who had won the Open a year ago. At Oakmont I had birdied the first three holes.

From there on nothing seemed to go right. I had completely lost the feel of how I should be standing up to the ball and how I should be swinging. This will sometimes happen to a player for five or six holes. His stance or his swing will seem all wrong, but with some minor compensations the right feeling often returns. At Brookline I was

never able to get it back. I knew that my stance was not right and that I was not swinging the way I should, but my adjustments never seemed to help. If I hit the ball well I had aimed it wrong. If I aimed correctly I would pull the shot off to the left or push it to the right. Sometimes I would hit what I thought was a fine shot, only to look up and see it land far short of where I expected it to.

Still, even after my opening-round 76, I was not too worried. Most of the scores had been high, and I thought for sure that my game would come back on the second day. But a combination of my overcharged feelings, my failure to adapt my swing successfully and the gusty winds kept me in constant trouble again. After I had bogeyed the 11th and 12th holes I knew it had become a question of just trying to make the 36-hole cut-off. I kept telling myself a defending champion ought to

make the cut. I started to play better at that point, giving myself birdie chances on the next four holes. By the time I got to 18 I knew I needed at least a par. My drive was in perfect position on the left side of the fairway, but I played my second shot poorly and ended in the bunker short of the green. I exploded out but couldn't sink the eight-foot putt I needed. I was out of the Open.

It seems strange, as I think about it, that I won the Open last year when I did not feel I had much of a chance, and then made a shambles of it this year when I really thought I was going to win. Though my own disappointment and frustration have been extreme, I would like to offer congratulations to Julius Boros, one of our best players for many years, and to Jacky Cupit and Arnold Palmer, who fought so courageously. As for me, I learned what can happen if I get too emotionally charged up for a tournament. **END**

# OUR SWIFTEST ARE THE BEST ANYWHERE

by **TEX MAULE**

After two days of competition, the U.S. came up with a world-beating team in the nationals in St. Louis

The best U.S. track team in history was selected in St. Louis last week in an AAU championship meet marked by a remarkable series of hairbreadth finishes, considerable psychological warfare and the first hint that track and field may soon be facing a kind of moral crisis of its own. The team, crisis or no, definitely will face Russia's finest in Moscow at the end of July.

Bob Hayes, the burly Florida A&M sprinter who runs as if he should have a football tucked under his arm, broke a world record by running a semifinal heat of the 100-yard dash over the rubberized macadam track in 9.1 seconds. This was one of the few races in which no thought was given to strategy and tactics. Hayes simply burst out of the starting blocks

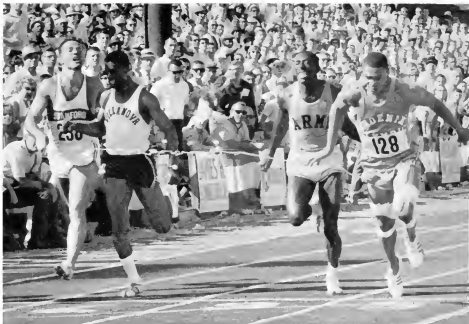
with his usual enormous explosion of awkward energy, flailing his arms and moving along faster and faster until he had left the field behind. Hayes, who happens to be a good football player, is a senior at Florida A&M. Before Saturday's 100 he and Ray Saddler, a junior quarter-miler at Texas Southern University, had been approached by officials of the Southern California Striders, a track club in Los Angeles coached by Chuck Coker, who wanted both to transfer to Los Angeles State College and, in the off season, run for the Striders. Dick Hill, the new track coach at Florida A&M, and Stanley Wright, the old coach at Texas Southern, protested vehemently and justifiably. Hayes decided to finish out his eligibility at Florida A&M, while

Saddler, younger and more impressionable, is still vacillating. He will talk to his mother before he decides what to do. He should, of course, stay at Texas Southern and put an abrupt end to the first case of proselytizing by a track club in this country.

Saddler, possibly confused by the ethical problems, finished fourth in the 440, a race won by bespectacled Uls Williams, not so much because of his speed (which is formidable) but because of a psychological lift he had gotten from beating Adolph Plummer, the world record holder, in Compton, Calif. three weeks ago. Earlier Williams had run second to Plummer when the New Mexico University senior set the pending record in 44.9 seconds.

Photographs by New Yorker

Finishing unprecedented dead heat in 220-yard dash, Henry



"We came off the last turn in that race, and I saw him so far in front I practically stopped and threw up my hands in surprise," Williams said last week in St. Louis. "Then at Compton, the same thing. I came off the last turn, there he was way out, but I just kicked as hard as I could and I said to myself, 'He's got to be tired.' And he came back to me. So this time when I came off the turn and saw him out there, running very smooth, I said, 'I know he's tired. He'll come back.' And he did."

Plummer ran his first 220 in 21 plus, but Williams, with his newfound confidence, did not try to stay with him, trusting in his own superior finish to win the race. His time (45.8) tied the national AAU record.

Tom O'Hara, a wispy, bone-thin 20-year-old junior from Loyola University in Chicago (SI, March 18), seems a year behind Williams in experience. Until the AAU championships O'Hara had never tested himself against a field of world-class milers, and he entertained a rather reasonable doubt of his ability to match the big runners' rush for the tape. He

should suffer no such doubt any longer.

Actually, Jim Beatty, the favorite, was almost eliminated in the trial heats on Friday. He qualified easily enough, but he had been suffering from a sore right leg. In favoring the leg on Friday, he made the left leg sore, too, so that on Saturday, when the big field swirled into the final desperate sprint for the tape, the acceleration Beatty has always enjoyed was lacking and he finished a tired and limping fourth.

The race was won by Deyrol Burleson, the 23-year-old ex-Oregon University miler who is now an insurance salesman and who will not make the trip to Moscow with the American team because of business commitments. Burleson ran an intelligent, strong race that reflected the wide experience he has gained in world competition. He stayed behind the fast tempo through three laps, content to keep in contact with the leaders while running on the pole and out of the heavy traffic.

It was Beatty who led through the first three laps. As the fourth lap began, the Marine Corps' Cary Wessager moved into

the lead. Entering the backstretch, Burleson began his bid. O'Hara was running on the pole, directly disobeying the good advice of his coach.

"We noticed how Seel always runs a little on the outside," O'Hara said later. "You have running room, and then you never get boxed out there. But I got in on the pole, and when Burleson started to move I couldn't go with him at first. Then I got out and came up to him as we came out of the turn, but he forced me outside all the way around. He's a very smart runner."

Burleson's experience gave him a good five-yard lead over O'Hara as the two ran down the last 60 yards. He needed nearly all of it. O'Hara closed four and a half of the five yards down the home straight, but Burleson was still ahead at the tape.

"See?" Jerry Weiland, O'Hara's coach, said gleefully after the race. "Now you don't have to be afraid of anyone. You can run with the best of them. And beat them."

Weiland may be right, although Burleson and Beatty are not easy to beat. "I'm

*continued*

*Carr (198), his hurting knees taped, and Paul Drayton (166) lunge desperately for the tape in the near-world-record time of 20.4 seconds.*





*As hail comes out of last turn in mello, Oregon's Burlason has started finishing drive, forcing O'Hara wide and costing him precious yards.*



*Into the straight, Burlason has five-yard lead on the field as O'Hara passes bring Jim Beatty, sets out on desperate sprint to overhaul leader.*

*At the tape, O'Hara, finishing with amazing strength for a 29-year-old in his first race against world-class milers, almost collars Burlason.*



very lucky in national competition," Burleson said. "If I get ready and really want to, I can always win." Since Burleson will not compete in Moscow, the American representatives in the 1,500 meters (which will be run instead of the mile) will be O'Hara and Weinger, who slipped by Beatty for third place. The two should insure the U.S. an easy sweep.

Henry Carr, the Arizona State sprinter who may be as good a quarter-miler as either his teammate, Uls Williams, or the world record holder, Adolph Plummer, confined himself to the 220-yard dash and contributed to a unique finish. Carr and Paul Drayton finished the 220 in a dead heat, the first in the 75-year history of the A.A.U. They were timed in 20.4 seconds, under the listed world record but a tenth of a second slower than the record Carr has pending. Carr's performance was remarkable, since he ran with both legs heavily taped to support

knees that have become tender under the long pounding of a very hard spring season.

Even discounting the possible effect of the track at St. Louis—the new composition of macadam and rubber seemed as quick as the very fastest California tracks—the performances at this AAU meet lead to the conclusion that the socialist planners in Russia who are trying to select a team to beat the Americans now have an impossible, unsovable task on their hands.

The American team should sweep running events from the 100 meters to the 5,000 meters. At the latter distance Jim Beatty, whose legs probably will have recovered by then, is the best in the world. Although he did not win in St. Louis, Beatty was added to the U.S. team as distance security.

Peter McArdle, the bald Irishman who does his training on the sidewalks of

Manhattan, set an American record for the six-mile run; he could possibly place high in the 10,000 meters in Moscow. Indeed, the Russians hold clear-cut superiority in only a few events—the high jump, dominated by Valery Brumel, the triple jump and probably the steeplechase, although the steeplechase is by no means a certainty, with Vic Zwolak and Pat Traynor, both products of Jim Elliott at Villanova, improving steadily.

The Russians should win in the javelin and are counting on first place in the broad jump with Igor Ter-Ovanesyan. But they could be wrong there, too. Ralph Boston has been jumping extraordinarily well of late; he was over 27 feet twice in Modesto, and he won in St. Louis with 26 feet 10½. The near future for the Russians is predictably dark, then. So is the distant future, as long as determined young Americans like Tom O'Hara keep coming along. **END**



At race's end, Burleson (left) and O'Hara embrace in a fellowship of exhaustion. Despite defeat, O'Hara seems the fresher of the two milers.



**BILL  
DAILEY,  
WON'T YOU  
PLEASE  
COME  
IN**

by WILLIAM LEGGETT

*Victorious grin lights up Dailey's face  
after successful relief job (top right)*

*Photographs by Herb Sorensen*

Led by a sidearming relief pitcher with a gunfighter's walk and a sore-legged Cuban at shortstop, the Minnesota Twins have ignored a multitude of aches and pains to make a threatening run at the Yankees



Last Saturday afternoon, two hours before the Minnesota Twins were to play the Baltimore Orioles at Metropolitan Stadium in Bloomington, Minn., Bob Allison, the Twins' right fielder, watched Zoilo Versalles, the quiet Cuban shortstop, limp down the dugout steps.

"Z," said Allison, "you don't feel very good, do you?"

"No," said Versalles. "The leg, she bothers me."

"Go in and lie down for a while before the game starts," said Allison.

"No," said Zoilo. "Is bad to lie down. Once you lie down someone can come along and bury you."

Six weeks ago the Minnesota Twins themselves were a burned bull club. Nine teams in the American League had flipped dirt on their cold, lifeless bodies. During their first 31 games of the season they lost 11 one-run games and were shut out six times. Their pitchers were pitching well but lived in constant fear of throwing a shutout only to have a platymate circle the bases in reverse, thereby losing 0 to —1. Since May 15, however, these same Twins have been the hottest team in the American League (25-12 through Sunday) and, of all the mirages that keep springing up before the New York Yankees, the only one that may be for real.

The Yankees this year have been unable to glide serenely away from the rest of the American League despite a seven-

game winning streak at one point and a schedule that has matched them with ninth-place Detroit and 10th-place Washington 24 times in their first 64 games. Any Yankee fan, of course, will tell you that the only reason the Yankees have not been able to run away from the opposition is injuries. In truth, the Yankees have had only one serious injury, and that was the annual one to Mickey Mantle. Yankee fans will also gladly tell you that Tony Kubek missed 15 games because of an injured leg, neglecting to mention that at the time of the injury Kubek was hitting .205. Roger Maris hurt his back and then got a pain in his big toe, and everyone is supposed to cry. Luis Arroyo's arm went dead, and Yankee lovers mourned for days. So important has it become for every true Yankee to own an injury that Mel Allen, the announcer, suffering from a virus, fell, was pushed or dived into a bathtub in Detroit and was out of action a week.

The first portion of the American League season has been an interesting thing to behold, because at one time or another since the first week in May four different teams not named the New York Yankees have been in first place. Kansas City got there for a while, but the A's were not dressed for the part. The Boston Red Sox fired and fell back. The Chicago White Sox have played good baseball, refusing to believe that they are supposed to be long on managing but short on

talent. The Baltimore Orioles got themselves 3½ games in front and then folded like a dollar suitcase. The Twins are now on their way to the top, however, and they may be around to haunt and harass the Yankees not only for this season but for many seasons to come.

They do not like to talk about it, but the Twins have been hurt twice as badly as the Yankees this year. Harmon Killebrew, the league's top home-run hitter of 1962, missed a month of the season; Allison has been playing with an assortment of viruses and a stiff neck; Richie Rollins, the third baseman, played three weeks with a broken jaw. Jim Roland, the Twins' top rookie pitcher (4-1), got a pinched nerve in his elbow and is out for three more weeks; Camilo Pascual, the best right-hander in the American League, is complaining of muscle troubles in his back; starter Dick Stigman missed 12 days. Despite all this the Twins are now rattling the fences with their hitting, and in the interplay among Cleveland, Chicago, Baltimore, Boston and Minnesota the Twins are 17-10, far ahead of the others.

The Twins have so fascinated the cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis, the entire state of Minnesota in fact, that Calvin Griffith, the club president, is convinced that 1,700,000 people will pay to see his team play in 1963. If Griffith is correct then only the Los Angeles Dodgers will outdraw the Twins. And Griffith

*continued on page 46*

# THE WORK OF FINE ITALIAN HANDS

No European bridge player thought the U.S. would beat Italy and win the world championship. The Europeans were right, but the issue was in doubt right down to the final night of play

by WALTER BINGHAM

In an atmosphere of hysteria, tears, laughter, a near fistfight and endless bickering, the Italian bridge team won the world championship last week for the sixth straight time, playing on home grounds and beating teams from the U.S., France and Argentina. It was a cruel defeat for the U.S. team, which led Italy by 21 points with the end almost in sight. Then, within the space of a few hands, everything fell apart. The Italians took an 18-point lead and, in the final session in the early morning hours bridge players know so well, they played the equivalent of a basketball freeze to hold the lead and win.

The victorious Italian team was essentially the same one that has been so successful over the years. There was Giorgio Belladonna, a paunchy man with a mustache, who wrings his hands and mumbles to himself at tense moments. Massimo D'Aleho has wavy hair, which he likes to preen, and an eye for the ladies. Eugenio Chiaradia, at 52, is the oldest, a short, wiry man the others call Professor. Benito Garozzo is the youngest, 35, short, dark and friendly; Camillo Pavesi, although less experienced than his teammates, is a fine technician. And lastly there is Pietro Forquet, the star of the team and one of the world's most remarkable cardplayers.

Forquet is 38, suave, handsome, well tailored, polite, quick-witted and tough. His bridge during the entire match was brilliant. Forquet played practically all of the 27 sessions for Italy, an extraordinary feat of endurance, yet he managed to remain cool and unruffled when others had melted. After one particularly drawn-out session against the French that lasted until 3 in the morning, the two French players staggered wearily

down the marble steps to the lobby, ties loosened, hair ruffled. Chiaradia came next, looking very old and tired. Then came Forquet. His tuxedo was still immaculate. He had four fingers of one hand hooked in his coat pocket, thumb extended, and in the other hand he held a cigarette at a jaunty angle. His step was light and springy, and he looked for all the world like a man ready for a night on the town. Those nights on the town worried Italy's captain, Carl Alberto Perroux, almost as much as the opponents did. A year ago in New York the Italian team had a mighty good time—but so did their rivals for world championship honors.

This year's championship was held in the Hotel Bilha in St. Vincent, a small town that perches on the side of a mountain in the Italian Alps. At first glance, St. Vincent does not present the threat to Captain Perroux that New York did. There is just the narrow main street lined by red gardenias and sidewalk cafés and a little table-tennis hall where you can listen to opera on the juke box. But just outside the main part of town and no more than 50 feet from the hotel where the Italian team was quartered, is Europe's richest casino, the Casino della Vallee. The casino has eight roulette wheels and many more tables for such games as chemin de fer, but this was forbidden territory to the Italian squad.

The U.S. team spent most of its time before the matches began studying the complicated Italian and French bidding systems. Captain John Gerber had mailed the systems to all his players, but when the team gathered in New York, it was obvious no one had bothered to study them. "If we had to play right now we'd

lose," snapped Gerber angrily. It was not the last time Gerber was to be angry. He is a gruff, aggressive man with white hair and thick, black eyebrows. His demanding nature rankled the Europeans. It even rankled his own players at times.

There were six players on the U.S. team, three pairs. The oldest player was Howard Schenken, a tall, silent man who at 59 can still play a hand as well as anyone in the world. Oswald Jacoby once said: "If I could play with whoever I wanted to, I'd get Schenken. If I couldn't get Schenken, I'd wait until I could."

Schenken's partner was Peter Leventritt, a tall, thin, amiable man who runs a New York card school. He is reputed to make no minor errors, though an occasional major one, but at St. Vincent he played well when it counted.

The youngest pair on the team was Arthur Robinson, 27, and Robert Jordan, 35. Both are cocky, irreverent but refreshing. The third U.S. pair was Bobby Nail and Jim Jacoby. Gerber regarded them as his weakest pair. "Nail," he said, "is a fighter, but Jimmy lacks experience." Jacoby, a robust, outgoing young man of 32, is the son of Oswald. The Italians immediately nicknamed him Il Bambino. The U.S. drew Argentina as an opponent the first day, Italy the second and France the third, continuing that rotation through nine days and 432 duplicate boards.

The matches were played in four hotel rooms, each furnished with a card table with a green felt cover, an overhead lamp that hung inches above the table top, and a few easy chairs. Each match was witnessed by only a referee, an interpreter and, in two of the rooms, an announcer, who broadcast the bidding and play into two downstairs ballrooms, where kibit-

*(continued)*





## SOME MASTER PLAYS AND MASTER GOOFS

Of the 864 deals played in the world championship, this master vs. master coup was surely one of the greatest. It victimized as astute a player as Bobby Nail—perhaps it could not have worked against a player of lesser rank—and it involved a play that no one less than a top-flight master would have dared to essay.

Both sides vulnerable			
West dealer			
NORTH		EAST	
♠ 7 4	♠ 2	♥ A 7 6 3	♥ A 7 3
♥ 4 2	♥ A 5 3 2	♦ A 7 3	♦ A 7 3
♦ Q 8	♦ K 10 9 8 6 4 2		
♣ K 10 9 8 6 4 2			
WEST		EAST	
♠ Q J 10 3	♠ 2	♥ A 7 6 3	♥ A 7 3
♥ Q 10 9 5	♥ A 5 3 2	♦ A 7 3	♦ A 7 3
♦ 10 7	♦ K 10 9 8 6 4 2		
♣ Q J 5			
SOUTH		NORTH	
♠ A K 9 8 6 5	♠ A K 9 8 6 5	♥ A 7 6 3	♥ A 7 3
♥ K J	♥ K J	♦ A 7 3	♦ A 7 3
♦ K J 9 6 4	♦ K J 9 6 4		
♣ —	♣ —		
WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
(Farquet)	(Schenker)	(Garozzo)	(Nail)
PASS	PASS	1♥	DOUBLE
3♥	PASS	PASS	3♦
PASS	4♦	PASS	4♦
PASS	4♦	PASS	PASS
DOUBLE	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: 3 of hearts

Garozzo's bit of brilliance began at the second trick when, on winning the ace of hearts, he returned a trump. South rose with the ace and led a diamond to dummy's queen. Without a quiver, Garozzo ducked. What's more, he ducked again when dummy's last diamond was returned. What was Nail to think? He had a reasonable count on West's four spades and four hearts and he figured it likely that West would have a doubleton diamond, which, on the play by Garozzo, appeared to be the ace-7. So Nail finessed the 9, lost to the 10, got a spade continuation and wound up losing two diamonds, two spades and a heart for down two—500 points. Of course, had Garozzo taken either diamond, Nail would have gotten out for only 200. Of course,

too, when you see the play afterward, it is apparent that with only one trump left in dummy, Garozzo had everything to gain and nothing to lose by holding off with the ace.

If the overall result had turned the other way, it is possible that the following hand might have won for the U.S. I cannot resist showing it to you in any case, if only as a problem. How is it possible for declarer to go down at four hearts?

Neither side vulnerable			
West dealer			
NORTH		EAST	
♠ A 2 7 6 3	♠ A 2 7 6 3	♥ 10 7 4 2	♥ K 5 7 2
♥ 10 7 4 2	♥ K 5 7 2		
♦ —	♦ —		
WEST		EAST	
♠ Q 10 8 5	♠ K 9 4 2	♥ K 9	♥ K 9
♥ J	♥ K 9	♦ Q J 10 6 4	♦ 8 5
♦ A 9 3	♦ A 9 3		
♣ A J 9 7 2	♣ A J 9 7 2		
SOUTH		NORTH	
♠ —	♠ —	♥ A Q 5 6 5 3	♥ 5
♥ A Q 5 6 5 3	♥ 5	♦ K Q 10 6 4 3	♦ K Q 10 6 4 3
♦ K Q 10 6 4 3	♦ K Q 10 6 4 3		
WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
(Lorenzini)	(Farquet)	(Schenker)	(Chiaradia)
PASS	PASS	PASS	2♦
PASS	2♦	PASS	3♥
PASS	4♥	PASS	PASS
DOUBLE	REDOUBLE	PASS	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Opening lead: ace of diamonds

The comedy of errors began with the double, but when Chiaradia went down, Lavenritt turned from goat to hero. West opened the diamond ace and continued diamonds. Declarer discarded clubs on the diamond king and spade ace and ruffed a spade to his hand. He ruffed two clubs in dummy, and two spades in his own hand. Next he led the king of clubs. West ducked, and North trumped with the 10 of hearts, overruffed by East's king. Back came a diamond and now West's double bore its first fruit.

Chiaradia figured that West must now have two trumps and East none. To risk a diamond overruff and a trump return

seemed foolish. So declarer trumped the diamond with the heart queen and led his last club, covered with the ace, ruffed with dummy's 7 and, much to declarer's surprise, overruffed with the 9. Now East led the fourth diamond, and declarer had to lose to West's heart jack.

The Italians bid and made three grand slams the U.S. team did not reach. Two of them might be characterized as lucky, but this one was considerably safer than the 50% chance it apparently offered.

Both sides vulnerable			
East dealer			
NORTH		EAST	
♠ K 9 4 2	♠ K 9 4 2	♥ 7 6 5 3	♥ 7 6 5 3
♥ A Q 4	♥ A Q 4	♦ J 7 2	♦ J 7 2
♦ A Q 10 3	♦ A Q 10 3	♣ J 4	♣ K J 10 8
♣ A 6	♣ A 6		
WEST		EAST	
♠ J 10 8	♠ J 10 8	♥ 7 6 5 3	♥ 7 6 5 3
♥ K 2 8 6 5	♥ K 2 8 6 5	♦ J 7 2	♦ J 7 2
♦ Q 5 7 4 3	♦ Q 5 7 4 3	♣ J 4	♣ K J 10 8
SOUTH		NORTH	
♠ A Q	♠ A Q	♥ 7 6 5 3	♥ 7 6 5 3
♥ 10 3	♥ 10 3	♦ J 7 2	♦ J 7 2
♦ K 9 8 7 6 5 2	♦ K 9 8 7 6 5 2	♣ J 4	♣ K J 10 8
♣ 5 2	♣ 5 2		
EAST	SOUTH	WEST	NORTH
(Jordan)	(Rafanovich)	(Rafanovich)	(Pablo Tico)
PASS	1♦	1♥	2 N.T.
PASS	3♦	PASS	4 N.T.
PASS	5♦	PASS	5 N.T.
PASS	6♦	PASS	7♦
PASS	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: 4 of clubs

South's opening bid is what we used to describe as a gulp, so shaded in high-card values that the bidder gulped as he opened. In the later bidding, the less South showed in response to the four- and five-no-trump calls for aces and kings—one ace and only one king—the more certain Pablo Tico was that his partner held a very long diamond suit. Furthermore, the heart overall by West had positioned the heart king. So North bid the grand slam.

As it turned out, South didn't need the heart finesse after all. He won dummy's ace of clubs, cashed the diamond ace and queen, took his ace-queen of spades and went back to dummy with a diamond. When the jack-10 of spades dropped in three leads of the suit, dummy's 9 was good for a heart discard, and the declarer had all 13 tricks.

I have concentrated on Italy-U.S. hands because almost from the outset it was obvious that this was the match that would decide the championship, and so it proved. Much fine bridge was played in the other matches and in future weeks I expect to discuss a few of the outstanding deals that are stones in themselves.

—CHARLES GOREN

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## ITALIAN HANDS continued

zers watched the four hands on a large screen called the Bridge-O-Rama.

When the matches began, Italy started strong by leading France 49-5 after one session and 127-34 after the first day. Argentina, as expected, was the weakest of the four teams, and its players might well have spent their time more profitably at the casino. That left only the U.S. to prevent Italy from winning a sixth straight championship.

For a moment during the second meeting it looked as if the Italians would handle the Americans as easily as they had the French. Italy made three no trump in one room and outwitted declarer for down one, doubled, in the other. The net gain was seven International Match Points for Italy. But the U.S. bounced back immediately. Robinson-Jordan pulled a little razzle-dazzle on Belladonna, luring him into a foolish double with a series of cue bids and, in the evening, Schenken gave a masterful performance of dummy play. At the end of the first day, the U.S. had a 37-point lead, 118-81.

Three days later the U.S. and Italy met again, and this time the Americans cracked and threatened to fall apart. The first two sessions were standoffs, then Jordan-Robinson razzle-dazzled themselves into a disaster when Jordan cue-bid three no trump, holding three small hearts, and Robinson, holding a void, left him there. But the U.S. kept heating the Italians on past-score hands, and, going into the evening session, the U.S. had lost only one point of its lead.

Midway through the third session the Italians bid a grand slam and made it, even though they were missing an ace and two kings. It was the third time that they had bid a grand slam on which a finesse was needed, and all three times the finesse was right. Robinson-Jordan, playing the same hand, stopped at six, and Italy gained 11 IMPs. "When they bid that grandy, Schenken's shoulders seemed to sag," said Leventritt later.

Indeed, the whole U.S. team seemed to sag, and the disasters started to snowball. Schenken doubled three no trump, which would have been set, and Forquet moved out to four diamonds. Schenken doubled again, and Forquet made it. Forquet-Garozzo landed six clubs, Jordan-Robinson stopped at five. Schenken-Leventritt had three clubs, down four, when three spades was solid. It was a nightmare for John Gerber, watching

it all on the Bridge-O-Rama screen.

The session had left the U.S. team in nervous shape. Gerber heatedly called a team meeting and ordered his players to lay off the beer and wine at meals. Players glibbed at each other. Leventritt couldn't understand why Schenken had doubled four diamonds. When Robinson explained a bid, saying he just wanted to take a shot at it, Bobby Nail said shortly, "Let's not be taking any shots." One of the players' wives complained openly about the way Gerber was handling her husband. "Those wives," Gerber barked earlier, "I don't want them here. They hicker and ruin a team's morale." The morale of the team that night certainly was all but ruined.

On Saturday bridge players from all over northern Italy crammed into the ballroom of the Billa to watch the final three sessions of the match between Italy and the U.S. It was a noisy, exuberant crowd, cheering each successful Italian finesse, moaning whenever the Americans reached the proper contract.

Toward the end of the first session, Leventritt, who had played well up till then, made his first big mistake of the match, doubling a sure four-heart contract bid by Chiaradia. Forquet redoubled like a cat spotting a mouse. The audience cheered wildly, but the cheers changed to wails of anguish as, play by play, Chiaradia choked and proceeded to toss it away. Moments later as he emerged from the room, he was accosted by a swarm of furious Italians. One of them shouted something at him, and suddenly little Chiaradia clenched his fists and started to swing. He was quickly led away by a friend.

Chiaradia's blunder was the U.S.'s last happy moment. In the second session Gerber paired Schenken with Nail, and the two had several costly misunderstandings. By the time the second session was over, the U.S. was behind for good.

When the last board of the long evening was played, Pietro Forquet and Benito Garozzo left the room in which they had won the championship and strolled down the flight of marble stairs. Both were engulfed in a mob of happy Italians. Forquet fought his way over to where John Gerber was standing. "It is too bad," he said. "You play well and you should win. Maybe next year." He shook Gerber's hand and then jucked outside away from the crowd. The casino was not far away.

END



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# AGAINST AND THE OCEAN

*Rounding Koko Head in a knockdown puff near the finish of the 1961 California-to-Hawaii race, Howard Ahmanson's 'Sirius II' shows here that those who race on the sea risk more from the elements than those who race on land. But the point is the same: to get there first. This month fleets of salt-toughened sailormen are speeding against time across the world's two greatest oceans. For the story of one who has raced his boat on both, turn the page*





# The Object Is to Win the Race

BY ARTHUR ZICH

Photographs by Richard Meek

*With main, spinnaker and staysails flying, the 67-foot yawl Chubasco runs down Molokai Channel past Diamond Head to capture a prize on corrected time in the 1961 Trans-Pac.*

**T**here's always a big wind there, and there's always a big sea running. It's tricky and it's dangerous. A man has his hands full driving up the Molokai Channel."

So says Sumner A. Long ("My friends call me Huey") of the waters pictured on the opposite page. Long knows what he is talking about. Twice in the past he has driven up the Molokai at the end of a Trans-Pacific Race, and he probably would be a part of the 31-boat fleet heading out for it once again this week except that he is busy on another ocean. As Long's old rivals start across 2,225 miles from Los Angeles to Hawaii, Long and his 57-foot yawl *Ondine* are leaving Newport, R.I., bound for England's Eddystone Rock, in a revival of a transatlantic racing classic that has not been run since 1931.

Neither Huey Long nor *Ondine* was around in the 1930s, but in the '60s and late '50s few important ocean races have been sailed without them. In the 1961 Trans-Pacific Race, Long sailed *Ondine* to a second place on corrected time. The year before that he was Class A winner in the Bermuda-to-Sweden race. He has sailed the famed biennial 635-mile Bermuda Race four times running, races of the Southern Circuit three times. He has sailed in the Annapolis-Newport race, the Block Island race, the Storm Trysail race, has twice raced from Miami to Montego Bay and twice from Buenos Aires to Rio.

At one time or another Long and *Ondine* have raced England's Cowes and around the buoys in Long Island Sound, and Long is the only American ever to have entered Australia's Sydney-Hobart race. Since her launching slightly more than three years ago, the present *Ondine* has, in fact, sailed more than 77,500 miles, the equivalent of three times around the world or one-third of the way to the moon, traveling at an average speed of three and one-half knots. Her owner has traveled even farther and very considerably faster.

Huey Long is a product of middle-class Boston suburbia who looks a little like George Raft and a little more like the grinning cartoon face that asks, "What, me worry?" That very face, in fact, grins from an ashtray on his desk in the offices of Long, Quinn and Boylan, 37 floors above New York's Park Avenue. From there Huey directs 12 different shipping firms and a vast fleet of commercial ships. Keeping a secretary and at least two telephones busy at once, Huey recently answered a reporter's questions, dictated a business letter, held a phone conversation with *Ondine's* professional sailing master (who was beset with haul-out problems), challenged an employee's methods in negotiating a deal ("You trying to make us look cheap?") and concluded a deal of his own for \$6 million. Then he picked up a gym bag and went off to Vic Tanny's to lift some weights—"just to keep from getting rusty."

The rust prevention continued with several vodka Martinis at The Four Seasons, and another after a shower in Long's Sutton Place apartment, which is a comfortable, cluttered blend of sportsman's trophy room and interior-decorator French. To frighten prospective brides away from this bachelor sanctum, a monstrous blue sailfish looms ominously on one wall. After his shower Long was off again double-time across town (no cabs were handy) to pick up a date—who was just as pretty but no brighter than the one he had had the night before—for more Martinis and dinner with a Greek shipping line representative at an expensive East Side restaurant. After that there was a dash

*continued*

downtown for a late show at the Bon Soir, where a false-nosed fellow imitating Rosemary Clooney had him in stitches. At 8:45 the next morning Long was back at his desk, with his motor racing again.

Born 41 years ago, Huey Long experienced no special kind of childhood to fan a competitive spirit to flame. "Yet," he says, "competition has been the strongest single force in my life. Winning—winning at anything I undertake—is the goal. Take the firm. People ask me why I'm not satisfied with my fair share of the market. I say because unless we fight to get every last bit of it we won't get our fair share."

Long discovered early that his share of life was to come via the sea. As a boy he played hooky from school to wander down through Boston's Faneuil Hall market to the docks on Atlantic Avenue, there to watch the ships come in. "I looked at them," he says, "and I guess I had in mind someday I'd like to own them." He sailed toy boats on the Charles and, he says, "sometimes they would sail right away from me." He collected stamps and coins. "Just looking at them was adventure," he says. "I was fascinated by the origins of stamps, by the figureheads on foreign coins, by the idea that these represented countries I had not even seen." He no longer collects either. "I've seen all the places," he explains.

Long got his first lessons in navigation as a cadet at a nautical prep school, went on to the United States Merchant Marine Academy at King's Point and then served for two years aboard an oil tanker and a passenger ship meandering along the northern and eastern coasts of South America. "It gave me a healthy respect for the sea," he says. "In a hurricane off Cape Hatteras, I was 17, standing night watch. I couldn't see for the wind and rain. The storm broke up the life boats, smashed the serving chum. The ship was rolling 33 degrees. And for the first time in my life, I was seasick."

Long went into World War II as third officer on a merchant marine vessel, came out of it acting chief officer and went off to complete his education at MIT. "There's a bond among MIT men," he said recently, leafing through an alumni roster. "It's a bond of respect, not the social bond of Ivy Leaguers." Long paid his way by standing all night watches three times a week on vessels docked in Boston harbor. In 1947 he received his degree in marine transportation and went to work for a New York City shipping firm.

"For two years," he recalls with some melancholy, "I saw little of the opposite sex. I was too busy learning the shipping business. If my competition got in the office at 9, I'd get in at 7. If they left at 5, I'd leave at 8."

The onerous hours paid off. Long came upon a tanker that was up for charter and offered it to his firm. The firm turned it down, so Long himself arranged to charter it to another company. He was promptly fired, but the head of the other company, T. J. Stevenson, was interested.

"Have you ever done any charter business before?" Stevenson asked Long. Long said he had not, other than the ship he had just arranged for Stevenson.

"Then start a charter department for me," the shipping man told Huey.

A year later, in 1949, Long left Stevenson to become a partner in a ship brokerage corporation. A year after that

he started his own firm. "By the time I was 30," he says now, "I was a millionaire on paper. But money in itself has no significance. It's only important in terms of what a man can build with it. I made it build."

S. A. Long, Inc. was soon enlarged to include a second firm, Long and Quinn, Inc., then Long Ships, Inc., then Long, Quinn & Boylan. Eight more firms were still to come, each rich in commercial vessels. But Huey's yearning to compensate for the toy ships that sailed so blithely away from him on the Charles River was still not satisfied. Languishing on a Newark pier one day in 1951, he watched a 40-foot yawl named *Blue Cloud* moving gracefully up the harbor. "Someday," he told himself, "I'm going to buy that boat." Six months later *Blue Cloud* belonged to Huey Long.

**H**uey at last owned a real sailboat, but he did not know how to sail it. One wild day, as he attempted to take his new toy from Newark to Larchmont, with a raw crew and the wind kicking up to 35 miles an hour, Long Island Sound boiled up into a frothy chop. Not another boat was in sight. "We were half dead when we finally got in," Long recalls. "We packed up the mooring, took the launch into the dock, and there was a fellow named Arthur Knapp out there waiting for us. He got us dry clothes, a drink, and I made a deal with him, Arthur would teach me to sail if I would teach him to ski."

Long could scarcely have gotten a better teacher. Arthur Knapp has won sailing trophies in virtually every kind of racing yacht, from a 12-foot froster to the cap defender *Weatherly*. He tutored Huey on *Blue Cloud*, on its successor, a sloop named *Mambo*, and on still another boat—one that Long spotted in a cradle on the ways in a German shipyard. "I saw the beautiful lines Henry Rasmussen had given this boat," Long recalls with feeling. "Her narrow beam, her long overhang. She was as sleek as a greyhound, as if she were racing even while still in her cradle." Long bought the 52-foot beauty, named her *Ondine*, "after the sea nymph," and turned her helm over to Knapp.

A couple of years later Everett Morris, dean of U.S. yachting writers, wrote of a race sailed by Long: "*Ondine*, with Arthur Knapp as senior member of the afterguard, made every mark a winner."

"You've no idea," says competition-minded Huey Long today, "how these words got to me. I could hear people saying all over, 'Sure, he did well. Why wouldn't he, with Knapp aboard?' I felt deeply indebted to Arthur, but I wanted to spread my own wings."

In the beginning he didn't spread them very far. *Ondine* finished 14th in her first race under Huey's guidance, and won only once in a full year of campaigning. "But," says Long, "that one victory whetted my appetite for more. I wanted to win something big—an ocean race. The greatest joy in yacht racing is to win."

"There are fantastic days of beautiful sunrises, of gorgeous sunsets. You see porpoises on the water, whales sounding in the sea. On a good day you might even do some fishing, and wind up with a fresh fish in the pan. There's the comradeship of a crew working together, the intense preoccupation with the race which precludes thinking of any other problem. There's the thrill of making a perfect landfall after long days at sea. You've tested your



skill in navigation and seamanship, and you've succeeded.

"But make no mistake. These are only incidents. None of them matters alongside winning the race."

Long's fierce desire to win is perhaps most clearly reflected in his defeats. He had four consecutive firsts going into the Marlan-Padanarum race off Cape Cod last year, then he lost the race by one second. "One second. Oh, God." He explodes recalling it. "I couldn't talk to anyone. I kept adding up the number of times we could have saved one second. If we'd tacked earlier, if we'd set a spinnaker sooner, if I'd paid closer attention to helmsmanship. To appreciate victory," says Huey Long. "A man has to understand defeat."

The greatest defeat Long has yet been forced to suffer occurred in November 1959, when he was not even aboard his boat. He was attending a cocktail party in New York. His sailing master and a crew were taking *Ondine* to Barbados. At 3 a.m. Long received a long-distance telephone call from the Coast Guard: "*Ondine* has run aground on a reef off Aneгада Island. All hands have been saved." They wanted him to go down to the wreck. "It was all gone. All my plans," he says, even now with considerable difficulty. "It was as if somebody had cuffed up and said, 'Come and look at your wife's body. Come and see it, all broken up.' I wouldn't go down to look." But in May 1960 a sleek, new pale-blue aluminum yawl—the first aluminum sailing yacht of its size ever built—slipped down into the waters of Oyster Bay on Long Island, and Huey Long was once more making plans. Less than a month later the new *Ondine*, with Long at the helm, led the fleet out from Blanton Reef light bound for Bermuda.

That was the year of the big blow, when masts snapped, hails opened up and men were swept off into the sea. When the storm first hit, *Ondine* changed course to avoid the terrible pressures of gusts up to 60 miles an hour. For 30 minutes she ran before the wind. Then Long brought her about. "We're going back on course," he shouted over the roar. "The object is to win." He added practically, "Besides, there are over 100 boats behind us to pick up survivors. If the rigging is going to go, better it should go now."

The rigging held, but instead of winning, Long finished ninth in his class. A week later he was off again, this time across 3,500 miles of ocean to the coast of Sweden. It was bitter cold off the Orkneys, the water was 35°, the air about 45°, and the wind was blowing a full gale. For a day and a half *Ondine* plunged through huge seas, shuddering from the top of one monstrous wave, then plunging down into a trough ahead of the next. Long, at the helm, muttered to himself, "I only hope the weeds hold."

The weeds did hold, as the rigging had off Bermuda, and the entire city of Marseilles turned out on the docks to welcome *Ondine* as she swept into the harbor, first in Class A.

Last winter—just as if she had not had enough of ocean racing—Huey Long sent *Ondine* out across another 10,300 miles of ocean to take part in the classic Sydney-Hobart race, which had always been considered too far away for any foreign boat to bother with. The Aussies were cordial but skeptical when the graceful craft from the U.S. turned up in their waters. "*Ondine* is lovely, but tender," they wrote, implying that a good puff of rugged Australian wind would surely knock her out of competition.

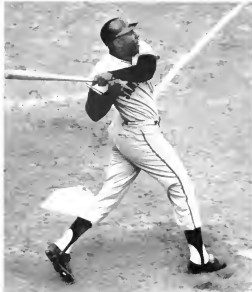


Steering carefree as a porpoise at the wheel of *Ondine*, sailorman Huey Long demonstrates his enthusiasm for ocean racing.

The wind was blowing a good 30 knots at the start of the race. "We broke two poles and blew out a No. 3 spinnaker in that blow," remembers Long, but 640 miles later, when the wind had dropped and *Ondine* was ghosting along toward the finish line in Hobart's Derwent River, a tiny puff sent her past the 73-foot schooner *Arrow* to cross the line first by a scant 100 yards. The largest crowd ever to witness a sporting event in Hobart gave out three roaring cheers. Down came *Ondine's* sails, up went the Stars and Stripes and Huey Long broke out bottles of cold Aussie beer for his crew.

"The feeling," he says, "was warm. Warm and overwhelming."

END



## Big Willie's private war with Cousin Don

The very sight of Don Drysdale turns Willie McCovey of the Giants from an erratic power hitter into Paul Bunyan with a baseball bat

San Francisco may be the most cosmopolitan city in the world but conversation there tends to narrow down to two topics: the weather and Willie McCovey. No wind in the history of the world, not the mistral, not the monsoon, not the chinook, as so frequently described, so analytically dissected, as the wind at Candlestick Park. If Willie McCovey wasn't around to hit home runs off Don Drysdale, the wind is all that San Francisco would ever talk about.

As it is, when the Giants play the Dodgers and McCovey comes to bat against Drysdale, the crowd in Candlestick Park forgets for the moment that the banners on the twin flagpoles in center field are blowing in opposite directions. Faces peek out from wool blankets and upturned sheepskin collars. Eyes ignore the dust that has just blown into them and focus on home plate. Excitement murmurs its way through the crowd. Then Willie hits a home run, the crowd yells with delight and settles back to continue its seminar on the reasons why the wind appears to be blowing out of the first-base dugout.

It is a shame that McCovey is upstaged by the wind, because his relationship with Drysdale is one of the most

endearing things in baseball. If it had happened a thousand years ago it would have been recorded in a saga, like Beowulf ("Then Tall Will strode unto the plate and faced the Drysdale, he..."). Drysdale is a superb pitcher. He has had a desultory season thus far in 1963, but last year he won 25 games and was given the Cy Young Award for being the best pitcher in the major leagues. He is, or was, particularly effective against San Francisco; he has won more games from the Giants than he has from any other club in the league.

McCovey, on the other hand, is just another erratic power hitter. He broke into the majors with a huge splash in 1959 and on occasions since has hit awfully well, but most of the time he has been no more than an ordinary ballplayer. But against Drysdale, McCovey is a left-handed hitting Paul Bunyan, a legend in a baseball suit. Unlike Bunyan, McCovey's feats are verified by statistics. He has been to bat against Drysdale 47 times in his career and has 22 hits for a .468 batting average. Nine of the 22 hits have been home runs, four have been doubles, one a triple. Bunyan never hit like that. Of course, Paul was not as big as Willie.

Last week the Dodgers took into

San Francisco for a three-game series with the Giants and split the first two. Sandy Koufax, an epic himself, owed the Giants in the first game when he shut them out with four hits, and the San Francisco batters in toto owed the Dodgers in the second game by getting 11 hits and nine runs in five innings to take care of that one. Drysdale was to pitch the third game. Don is an extremely tall man who throws a very hard fast ball with a whiplike sidesarm pitching motion that gives right-handed batters the impression that the ball is coming right at them. At first this impression seems a groundless, unreasoning one because Drysdale has excellent control; he has averaged less than two walks a game this season. But, though he does not walk very many batters, Drysdale does have this thing about hitting them. Over five seasons he has potted 73. The ball gets away from him, or something. Whatever the reason, Drysdale feels bad when he hits opposition batters (they don't feel too good themselves), and he always apologizes.

Last week in San Francisco a Giant front-office man, talking to a member of the Dodger camp and his wife just before the game Drysdale was to pitch, said pleasantly that he had just passed the Dodger clubhouse and that he could

hear Drysdale inside practicing, saying, "Watch out! Sorry."

The Dodger man looked at him coolly. He said he was distressed to hear that several of San Francisco's right-handed batters were feeling poorly and, indeed, that a couple of them would not be in the lineup against Drysdale. He commented on how curious it was that they always seemed to come down with something when Drysdale was scheduled to pitch.

The Giant official smiled an evil smile. "Everybody hut McCovey," he said. "Willie feels fine."

The Dodger man paled and his wife wept.

In the first inning Willie came to bat against Drysdale with a man on second and one out. In the press box Jim Murray, the Los Angeles sports-writer, said, "First base is open. He could walk him." Murray was informed by a New York sportswriter sitting next to him that an intentional base on balls would be unwise, that the better move would be to pitch to McCovey. "After all," it was pointed out, "McCovey hits a homer only about once in every 15 at bats. That means you have odds, generally speaking, of about 15 to 1 in your favor."

It is possible that Murray did not hear all of this argument because Drysdale had pitched the ball and McCovey had hit it over the right-field fence. It was Drysdale's first pitch. If there is anything Willie cannot stand, it is a long, drawn-out discussion.

The Giants won that game, too, and then everyone went off to see what the St. Louis Cardinals and the rest of the league were doing. St. Louis had fattened on the New York Mets, grabbing the league lead while the two California clubs were chewing at each other. The Cincinnati Reds were coming on. The Chicago Cubs were holding up. The league race seemed to be moving into a decisive stage.

However, under the strange schedule set up this year, San Francisco and Los Angeles, who played each other 11 times in little more than a month, will not meet again until the end of August. The pennant race could be all but settled by then and attendance may suffer (the 11 games between the Giants and the Dodgers in May and June drew nearly half a million people, an average of more than 44,000 per game). But don't bother Don Drysdale with these details. He couldn't care less. Let somebody else pitch to Willie McCovey.

END



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## TENNIS / Frank Deford



## Trojan triumph over Troy

With Dennis Ralston leading the way, USC so dominated this year's college championships that it ended up playing itself in the doubles

The town of Princeton, N.J., lies roughly on a great-circle route between Los Angeles, Calif. and Wimbledon, England. Since most of the young California college boys playing last week in the 79th National Collegiate Athletic Association tennis championships either were bound for Wimbledon or should have been, it seemed logical to hold the tournament at Princeton. It might have been even more logical to move right on and hold the college tournament at the capital of world tennis, for the field of amateurs gathered at the NCAA was the best since the tournament was started in 1883—on the courts of an insane asylum in Hartford, Conn. Many of the early-round losers left immediately and flew right on to England.

The team from the University of Southern California not only is the best college tennis team in the world today but probably the best in history. Its top man is U.S. Davis Cupper Dennis Ralston, U.S. doubles champion in 1961 and still only a Trojan junior. He won the singles impressively. One of his teammates was Mexican Davis Cupper Rafael Osuna. They needed five sets to win the doubles,

but the team they beat—Ramsey Earnhart and Bill Bond—also were Trojans and probably the second best doubles team in the country.

George Tolley, the Trojan coach, had hoped to make not only the doubles but the singles an all-Trojan affair, but a young Davis Cupper from Northwestern named Marty Riessen spoiled it for him. Riessen, whose father is tennis coach at Northwestern, took on Osuna in the semifinal round of the singles and with a pressing, rushing game knocked the young Mexican out of play 6-4, 2-6, 4-6, 6-2, 6-3. Next day Riessen was duly, and predictably, scrambled in the finals by Ralston with a fine mixture of passing shots and tantalizing lobs.

The most exciting match of the tournament, however, was neither of these. It was a semifinal match between Ralston and UCLA's Arthur Ashe, whose skill on the courts generally has been clouded in print by a qualifying phrase that runs, "the first Negro ever to..." Currently the phrase concludes with "...play in the men's singles at Wimbledon," a fact of little significance in that Mecca of international and interracial competi-

**UNC FINALISTS** thank Coach George Toley. On the left are Bill Bond and Raimy Earnhart; on the right, Dennis Ralston and Rafael Osuna.

tion. What is significant is Ashe's tennis.

At Princeton, Ralston came out as if to blow Ashe off the court with a puff or two. He rumbled through a 6-2 set and went to 4-0 in the second. But Ashe is a streak player, and suddenly he streaked. Ralston hung on to win the set 8-6, but lost the next one 5-7, and Ashe's powerful serve bombed him to a 5-1 lead in the fourth set. Ralston managed to turn the match here. He lost the set 3-6, but Ashe's momentum was spent. "Arthur was so glad to finally be even," said his coach, J. D. Morgan, "that he took a real deep breath, and when he exhaled it was 3-love against him." Ralston finished him off at 6-1, displaying in a burst of all-round brilliance the kind of singles play that will be needed to bring the Davis Cup back home.

But it was doubles play, rather than singles, that made the Trojans truly memorable as a team at the NCAA, and they permitted no outsiders like Riessen and Ashe to spoil the fun. Coach Toley has an array of doubles talent as complex and impressive as the couples whose divorces and remarriages are listed in *Modern Screen*. Consider, for brevity, just the four who played with and against each other in the NCAA finals. The winners—Ralston and Osuna—are former Wimbledon champs, and each is half of a U.S. championship doubles team. The losers—Earnhart and Bond—beat Osuna and Ralston last time out in the West Coast's AAWU conference tourney. Now, take one winner, Osuna, with a loser, Earnhart. Together, they won the NCAA doubles title in the previous two years. Now, take the other winner, Ralston, and the other loser, Bond. They held several junior titles together. Earnhart, with Riessen as his partner, is the national clay-court doubles champ and, with Osuna, the national hard-court champ.

Last week, as this imposing family engaged in good-natured fratricide at Princeton, George Toley hardly bothered to watch. He just ambled around taking home movies, like a tourist at Niagara Falls. "They only allow two teams per school in the NCAA," he said. "But I can put together a third team that would win this thing 50% of the time." His fellow coaches might well consider scheduling a separate tournament of their own at that asylum in Hartford.

END

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## 'E said 'e would and 'e did

In a roistering, often farcical fight attended by Liz Taylor and Sonny Liston's manager, Cassius cut up 'Enery Cooper, as predicted, in five

In England last week declamatory verse and vitriol were all the rage. Tory Nigel Birch told the House of Commons that Harold Macmillan, the Profumo-plagued Prime Minister, should resign, and quoted Browning's *The Lost Leader* ("Let him never come back to us!") in support. Elsewhere in London, Boxer Cassius Clay, quoting himself, said, "It ain't no jive. / Henry Cooper will go in five!" And at the Fellowship Inn in Bellingham, in southeast London, the menfolk munched pork pies and lifted their nightly pints of lukewarm bitter in salute to the doggerel posted over the bar by one of the regulars. It made the point that Humble Henry would soundly thrash Gaseous Cassius ("and once again prove that very old adage: / Action speaks louder than strong verbal cabbage!") At the end of the week Macmillan and Clay were still in command of things and the "Ode to our 'Enery" had been quietly unpinned at the pub. It was about all the men of Bellingham could do for their friend after his brave and ghastly fight. Just as Clay had promised, Cooper went in five.

Not that the outcome of the fight caused much surprise. Least surprised of all, it seemed, was Henry Cooper, who said, when the brutal business was done, "'E said 'e would, and 'e did it, and that's 'ow it goes. It can't be 'elped." It was a typical remark for the stolid ex-plasterer with battered good looks who faces life with the patient, unrewarding optimism of an English sundial. For weeks he had lived at the Fellowship, taking his meals there, training in the back room when a wedding reception or tea party did not interfere. He was among friends and did not seem to mind that Clay was all over London calling him a cripple and a bum ("He's building up the gate, and I'm on a percentage

just like he is"). When the occasional reporter from the city dropped by, wearing a sympathetic long face, Cooper said, "I don't worry about beating him. I seen him on the telly fighting Doug Jones, and I seen he was flashy and amateurish. So I'm not afraid of the man himself. But a fight is like the stage and one worries about the performance. I don't want to go down there and look like a fool."

Far more inclined to looking the fool—though far less concerned—was Cassius Clay. Since the last week of May, Cassius had been casting his spell of ballyhoo and, though weary of training, weary of hearing himself talk, he kept at it until the first-round bell ring in Wembley Stadium. The day did not pass when his egotistical excesses were not quoted, his bizarre behavior not ana-



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lyzed. And while few of the papers showed any admiration of Clay as a person, all seemed agreed that he had lifted British boxing out of the doldrums and was all but a cinch to beat Henry Cooper. Somehow that attitude popped up in the most unlikely places. One day, making a mild play for publicity himself, Cooper dropped in at a garden fete, a small charity fair with games of skill and chance at sapphire a go, for his neighborhood's Hither Green Hospital. "Let's just 'ope,'" said Henry, by way of addressing the crowd of nannies, children and nurses, "that 'e'll be the one needing the 'ospital after the fight and not me." Snorted a Cockney on hearing that: "Then 'e'll 'ave to bounce Clay over the bonce with Bow bells."

The day of the fight dawned in the best tradition of English summer mornings: cold and rainy. But despite the rain almost 2,000 people queued up that morning to see the weigh-in at the Palladium Theatre. In his dressing room, borrowed from Susan Maughan, a currently popular English singer, Cassius tried on the ankle-length red-and-white satin robe he had had tailored in London for £25. Then, on the sudden inspiration of his attorney, Louisville's Gordon Davidson, Clay sent out to a costumers for a crown to wear into the ring that night. Strutting onto the Palladium stage, Clay held his left hand aloft, his fingers spread in an insolent "five," and struck Charles Atlas poses while the

crowd fairly bounced with hoarse and happy jeers and boos. Henry Cooper, as amused as anybody, fell into the carnival mood by plucking a hair from Cassius' chest and chucking it toward the footlights while his English brethren yipped in delight. More soberly, the officials announced the weights. At 207 pounds, the heaviest he has ever fought, Clay outweighed Cooper by 22 pounds. Unlike Samson, Clay did not figure that one hair, more or less, would make much difference.

Preceded by music by the band of the Coldstream Guards and the grand, tumultuous, shouting and showing entrance of Elizabeth Taylor in a turquoise ensemble, accompanied by Richard Burton in a rosy flush, Cassius Clay made his 9.15 entrance in the damp and lingering twilight. In the best tradition of English evenings, it was cold and rainy. Half a dozen red-tunicked gentlemen in the ring heralded his approach with a fanfare played on three-foot, flag-draped trumpets, and a spotlight glinted off his purple-and-gold crown. While boos of derision followed his steps a seething BBC announcer snapped that Clay was "ridiculous" and he "cheapened the fight game." But Cassius was smiling. The noise he heard was in direct proportion to the number of tickets sold (35,000) and his cut of the gate (about \$60,000).

Characteristically a slow starter with a stand-up old-foghorn style, Henry Cooper confounded Clay by opening the fight fast and furiously. "I meant to show the writer critics I knew a trick or two," he said later. Unprepared for Cooper's aggressive rush, Clay reacted by moving away, the worst possible move for a man forced to contend with Cooper's dangerous left hook. Consequently, he was repeatedly hit by Cooper's left and repeatedly driven into the ropes. Something Clay was expecting was Cooper's habit of "throwing sucker shots"—hitting during the breaks. Cooper later denied he committed such a sin, but Clay got a bloody nose coming out of one unclear clinch. It was the first of his career, and he appealed furiously to the referee "for justice." He might better have spent the time meeting Cooper halfway, but he did not and the round went rightfully to Cooper. Dreams of glory went rushing to the heads of onlookers on this 148th anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo.

Back in his corner Clay was scolded by his trainer for moving too much and

continued



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**BOXING** *continued*

was inflamed by the blood dripping from his nose. He started the second round as enthusiastically as Cooper had started the first. His jabs were directly on target, his combinations precise. He was carrying the fight to Cooper when, toward the end of the round, blood began to flow from a cut beside Cooper's left eye. For Cooper, notoriously thin-skinned, a cut is the same as a snag in a silk stocking; the unraveling takes care of itself. It is too bad it had to happen, because Clay's eventual win—which he would have had anyhow—was marred.

Corner men are like cosmeticians; their handwork is often unavailing in the hot light of reality. Thus Cooper came into the third round looking, if not feeling, as good as new. But in moments the cut and another had been opened by Clay, and Cooper said that from then on his vision was a blur through a red screen. Cooper's troubles, however, went deeper than those cuts. Clay had figured out his style and was so confident of beating Cooper that he actually stopped throwing punches. Instead, in a show of bad taste and worse sportsmanship, Clay ward off Cooper's lefts and rights by extending his gloves at arm's length, popped his gloves together in Cooper's face, juttied out his chin, daring and defying Cooper to hit it, made foolish faces and literally danced in the ring, his long arms jouncing down by his thighs. "Contemptible cheek," one ringsider called it, but good old Henry Cooper said he had not minded. "I told myself if he keeps this up I'll find an opening and tag him proper."

**Stop the nonsense**

Bill Faversham minded and between rounds roared to Angelo Dundee, Clay's trainer, to stop the nonsense. Apparently chastened, Clay kept his hands up in the fourth but continued to prance, and further asserted himself by jabbing casually and by leading with his right hand, a risky and unorthodox procedure. To Cooper's everlasting glory, he eventually found the opening he was looking for and with a lunging, rising left hook tagged Clay's contemptible cheek so proper that Cassius went tumbling into the ropes in a beautiful heap. "The Kentucky Rooster laid an egg," crowed the *Evening Standard* next day, but Clay's brains were not so scrambled that he could not get up. At the count of three or four (the sound of the bell ending the



round was lost in the screams of the crowd) he was on his feet, a trifle shaky and very lucky. "You O.K.?" asked Dundee, pulling him onto his stool. "Yeah," said Cassius in one of his classic lines yet, "but Cooper's getting tired."

The fifth round—which lasted one minute and 15 seconds—lasted one gruesome minute too long. Clay flung himself on Cooper at the bell, staggered him with his first punch and thereafter simply overran the man. Cooper's chest became a smear of crimson, his face was sickening to behold as the cuts around his eye discharged blood in sobbing, pulsing spurts. Cooper was fending, not fighting, and the referee, with the crowd (including Les Taylor) pleading for him to hurry, stepped up to Cooper and said, "The fight's over, chum." With the simple eloquence of a very nice, very courageous and very resigned man, Henry Cooper shrugged his shoulders. "But we didn't do so bad for a bum and a cripple, did we?" he said as he was helped from the ring.

Clay, for his part, showed a rare streak of dignity by refusing to put on the make-believe crown that had rested on a white hotel pillow during the fight. The mob booed him as he went to his dressing room, but when he got there he told the press he had woefully underestimated Cooper, had never fought a better man, had never been hit harder and had been hurt—all of which was polite and true. His showing off in the third and fourth rounds, he said, was not to carry Cooper into the predicted fifth round but to disguise the fact that he was in trouble—which was polite but untrue. "He must be the silliest showboat that ever boxed," said Teddy Brenner, the Madison Square Garden matchmaker come to London to see what he could see. "I hate to say it, but maybe the best thing that could happen to him would be to get a licking." And who should walk up at this point? Jack Nilon, Sonny Liston's manager. "We want you bad in September, Cassius," said Jack, mouth watering. "I've come 3,500 miles to get your O.K."

A little later, sitting in the dining room of his Piccadilly hotel with \$300 in his pocket and three tee-heeing girls gathered around, Cassius Clay, the grandson of an ice-man, tipped his waiter 18 shillings for a two-shilling lemonade and allowed he would fight Liston "if the price is right." Just possibly, the fight Teddy Brenner was talking about and the fight Jack Nilon was talking about could turn out to be one and the same.

END

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## PLEASE COME IN

continued from page 27

fish's Twins—all 24 on the roster—were pulled together at a cost of about \$120,000, plucked from high schools and colleges or acquired through trades.

Last week, as part of a promotion to bring people to see a baseball game, the Twins offered a package to amateur fiends, including lunch, parking for their planes and admission to the game, all for \$6. Some 250 planes arrived from 84 communities to take advantage of Griffith's offer, and he was there to meet more than 500 people, put little girls on the head and shake the hand of anyone who wanted to meet him. He also delivered a short speech. "We're not going to let you down," he said. "We're gonna win."

Every boy in the state of Minnesota seems to be wearing a Twin cap and Twin jacket. Car bumpers carry a sticker that says in simple blue and white, Win! Twins! The team holds baseball clinics for youngsters age "zero to 12," as one official puts it, and over 4,000 usually show up at "The Met." Angelo Giulliani, a scout, tells the boys over a microphone, "You know what I want to hear." They do know, and there is no trouble hearing it. In unison they holler, "We're gonna w-i-i-n, Twins."

When the Twins play at home no bed-sheets wave, no bugles blow. "Charge!" does not flash on the scoreboard when the home team comes to bat. There are no fireworks. Only two team yearbooks are sold—the Minnesota Twins and the New York Yankees.

Aside from Killebrew and Allison, Rollins and Bernie Allen, Vic Power and Earl Battey, the stars of the current Twin upsurge are Zoilo Versalles and Relief Pitcher Bill Dailey. Versalles has become just about the best shortstop in baseball, and if he is not the All-Star shortstop then the voting will have been rigged. He is hitting .284, not quite so high as Kansas City's Wayne Causey—who is in a slump—but at least 10 points above any other shortstop in the league. Versalles is 22 years old, and the man he will probably beat out for the shortstop job on the All-Star team is Baltimore's Luis Aparicio—who happens to be Versalles' idol. The other evening Aparicio hit a hard ground ball up the middle for a sure base hit. Versalles began to move, however, and, leaning over while running at full speed, he got the ball, stopped and threw Aparicio out. Aparicio

cio cut across the diamond to go back to his dugout. He looked quickly at Versailles. Versailles returned the look, and then, although his leg was hurting, he turned his back toward the infield and smiled.

The month of July will tell the truth about the Twins. They must play 25 games in July with the Yankees, Orioles, Indians and Red Sox. The month of July is also going to be interesting for Twin fans and baseball in general, because a great deal of pressure is going to be thrown onto the narrow shoulders of Bill Dailey. Dailey, who was bought from Cleveland in April to help strengthen the Twins' bullpen, has become a super hero in Minnesota.

When the Twins get in trouble Dailey comes on from the bullpen in a convertible. He is big—6 feet 3—and his hair pops out of the side of his cap in large clumps. Before he gets to the mound he reaches down and makes the sign of the cross in the dirt with his right index finger. Then he begins his walk to the mound, and he has the walk of Shane—loose, but ready to gun anyone down. The organist begins to play, *Bill Dailey, Won't You Please Come Home?* and Bill Dailey warms up, scowling.

Four times last week he saved the Twins by stopping rallies in tight, tension-filled games with the White Sox and Orioles, and Bill McGraw of the *Minneapolis Tribune* has written words to *Bill Dailey* that tell the story better than anything else.

*Won't you come in, Bill Dailey,  
Won't you come in,  
We blew a three-run lead.  
You do the pitching, baby, we'll get  
'em back.*

*We like your sideman speed.  
Remember last Tuesday evening,  
You bawled us out,  
With nothin' but an infield hit.  
Camilo's to blame, ain't it a shame,  
Bill Dailey, won't you please come in.*

Sam Mele, the manager, has been through some rough weeks and he may have others ahead, but he believes that his Twins can seriously challenge the Yankees. "The job of my players," he says, "is to keep after one another, to keep each other going. If they don't, then I'll get after them, and they'll know it. There are an awful lot of people who don't believe in us. But our fans believe in us, and we believe in ourselves."

The New York Yankees had better believe in the Twins. They have the things that pennants are made of. **END**



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MR. BLITZ



## AND THE TOTAL VACATION GAME

An irrepressible and visionary Belgian, Gérard Blitz (above), is the president of the Club Méditerranée and the founder of 27 vacation villages scattered from the exotic lagoons of the French South Seas to the austere heights of the Swiss Alps. The clubs fulfill Blitz's concept that holidays should be a 'great game,' free of care and—sometimes—of comfort. The author explains the founder's philosophy and matches it against a personal visit to the South Sea island village on Moorea.

BY GILBERT ROGIN

I sit without mood above a beach on the northwest coast of Moorea, a green and mountainous island a dozen miles off Tahiti. The beach is narrow, and across it, at intervals, have fallen the gray and ponderous trunks of coconut palms, conjuring up metaphors of an elephants' graveyard. It is afternoon; the myna birds have ceased to whistle in the coconut plantation. Nothing is afoot but the ants. I have placed the cowries I collected—once tenanted by hermit crabs, now by their remains—among them. I see the surf exploding along the distant reef but cannot hear it. Sometimes, when awake at night, baffled in the cocoon of my mosquito netting, altered by islands, I hear a faint, sustained noise like far-off trains and put it down to a changing, rising wind.

After a heavy surf there is a strong northeast littoral current as the water returns through the pass to the open sea—three or four knots at least. Then, if I float on my back, ears submerged—like chambered shells, these, too—borne along by the flow, the pretty reef fishes and the great black sea slugs silent beneath me, I am profoundly enlaid. Looking inland I see, as I float by, the waxy fronds of the palms but cannot hear their idle clicking; farther up are the steep and piney mountains. I review murmers of Melville, who visited here in 1842 when the island was called Eimeo.

Later, when the sun sets, the water is, at first, as green and iridescent as fishes, the surf black, ominous, as though there were incomprehensible warfare on the rim. The wet sand along the irregular margin of the sea shines luminously, and the palms on the offshore islets are silhouetted; they seem to have been laboriously cut out of card board for the benefit of tourists. Then the water becomes violet and, lastly, gold, the gold of goldfish. All along the top of the beach, people are, like myself, sitting quietly, embracing their knees.

There is a sudden, powerful humming, intrusively recalling the world elsewhere. The generator has started up, and the lights go on in the thatched huts, or *farés*, of the Club Méditerranée village at my back. They are reflected in the metal collars on the palms that prevent the rats, which I have never seen, from reaching the coconuts. The Club Méditerranée is a unique and highly successful venture which its founder and president, Gérard Blitz, calls "the biggest athletic club in Europe." It is not, however,

precisely an athletic club. It is, rather, a low-cost, group vacation scheme incorporating elements of children's camps, youth hostels, certain Catskill resorts and country clubs.

In addition to the village on Moorea, the Club Méditerranée has 17 other summer villages and nine winter villages. Most of the summer villages are located on the Mediterranean Sea and its various arms—in Spain, France, Italy, Yugoslavia, Greece, Israel, Tunisia, Morocco and directly on the water: one "village" is a sailboat that cruises the Ionian Sea. The winter villages are situated in the French and Swiss Alps. "My favorite village," says Blitz, "is our isle of Capraia off the northeast coast of Sardinia. On this little island of 130 inlets there isn't anything but the tomb of Garibaldi and us." The club has, at present, 150,000 members, of whom nearly 100,000 are French. There are, besides, 22,000 Belgian, 13,000 British, 7,000 Swiss, 7,000 Italian and 1,500 Scandinavian members. Very few Germans belong to the Club Méditerranée. "Germans sing very quickly," says Tony Hatot, a friend of Blitz's who helped found the club. "Many people don't like that."

The Club Méditerranée was established in 1950. That year Blitz, a Belgian who had been an international water polo player; Hatot, a former French swimming champion; and Marcel Hansenne, the celebrated French middle-distance runner, published a "declaration of intentions." "It remains," Blitz said the other day, not without emotion, "our guiding principles."

And it reads, resoundingly: "Between the walls of offices and factories the man of today feels an imperious need to escape. He dreams of a total holiday, but vacations are sown with ambushes, financial worries, hunting for hotels, 'organized' tourism and tourist traps. We do not want any more of these material worries during our holidays. We wish to live among friends in the sun: winter on virgin snow slopes, summer on untrampled sandy beaches. The man of yesterday is out-of-date, the man of tomorrow is already exhausting our imagination, but a new man is in the process of being born. He will overcome the frenetic disequilibrium of our industrial civilization and twice a year rediscover the natural rhythm of life in the privileged space of the villages of the Club Méditerranée. Promised all kinds of happiness since youth, a newborn man, without age or memory, is inaugurating the most simple game in the world: the great game of total holidays."

continued

Blitz's game is played in Club Méditerranée villages that range in size from Corfu, which has a capacity of 1,500, to Moorea, which can accommodate 150, but the facilities, the activities and the ambience are all quite similar. By the sea, the vacationers live practically *al fresco*, for the most part in thatched huts, use communal bathing and toilet facilities and eat together in great, airy dining halls. During the day the activities, which are by no means compulsory, are sporting—in the winter villages, skiing; in the summer villages, swimming, skin diving, boating, water skiing, volleyball, *pétanque* or bocce, bicycling, table tennis, hiking and fishing. Some villages also offer mountain and rock climbing, tennis, miniature golf, bowling, billiards, badminton, fencing and yoga. Blitz is especially proud of the club's extensive athletic schools: three for skin diving, 13 for sailing, eight for water skiing, six for skiing and two for mountain climbing. Last year the club employed 230 official French ski school instructors.

Blitz has also created impressive libraries and record collections in the villages. He now offers poetry readings and in the next year or two intends to introduce "forums on philosophical topics." At many villages there is entertainment similar in spirit, if not always in execution, to that found in Left Bank cabarets. There are also recorded classical music concerts, often on the beach, party games and dancing: at noon instructors teach *le twist* and *le moulton*.

If, at night, *L'esprit is parvenu*, during the day it is *tu-hu-ru*, not only in Moorea, which is, in a way, the ideological capital of the Club Méditerranée, but all along the Med. In all of the club's villages the members wear Tahitian pareus, pay for drinks with green, red and yellow beads that they wear first as a necklace and, as the night progresses, as a bracelet and in general attempt to imitate an ideal vision: the simple and carefree Polynesian life. Newspapers and radios are banned. "Give your transistor a holiday, too," a club brochure requests. "Leave it at home."

The Club Méditerranée clientele tends to be lower-middle and middle-middle class—with a large number of professional people, "intellectuals" and students, on the one hand, and shopkeepers, on the other. These two groups do not, fundamentally, share common tastes, views and manners, but the club tries to develop a kind of fraternity and unity in the villages. "Everyone is the same in a bathing suit," says Tony Hatot, hopefully. "Our members must feel kind to one another, be friendly, happy, totally relaxed. The French love to talk politics, but you will find that after a few days in a village, no one talks politics." To encourage this mass euphoria, Lethe even, the vacationers are all called G.M., meaning *gentils membres*, or "nice members." The club's 1,500 summertime and 700 wintertime employees are known as G.O., meaning *gentils organisateurs*, or "nice organizers."

Gérard Blitz was born in Antwerp in 1912. His great-grandfather, grandfather and father were in the diamond business, as was Gérard until the outbreak of World War II. But the Blitzes cleaved the water with as much élan as they

cut diamonds. Gérard's father was a European swimming champion and is vice-president of the Belgian swimming federation. Gérard's Uncle Gérard was a world backstroke champion and is president of the Belgian swimming federation. The Blitz family, as a matter of convenience, is also in the swimming pool business.

"From the age of 12," says Blitz *fit*, "I did nothing but swim and play water polo. My father pushed me, so to speak, into pools. At the age of 20 I stood 6 feet 2, weighed 195 and had a 45-inch chest. I have the same measurements today." Blitz stays fit by dividing the year into three enviable divisions: four months in Tahiti, four months in Paris and four months in Castellaras, in the south of France. One of his four children has a house at Cap d'Antibes and, even when "stuck" in Paris, Blitz manages to spend every other weekend on the Côte d'Azur.

Wherever he happens to be, Blitz starts the day with 40 minutes of calisthenics and yoga. He calculates that he is outdoors nine months of the year. During four of these he is underwater for four or five hours a day. "I'm a fanatical skin diver," says Gérard Blitz.

The war radically changed the direction of Blitz's life. After taking his family to Switzerland, he went to work for the Belgian government in exile as a resistance worker. "I traveled all over the Continent," he says. "It may sound curious, but I actually developed a taste for travel in those terrible days."

From 1945 until 1947 Blitz was employed by the Belgian military mission in France. "My job," he says, "was to look after Belgian escapees from the concentration camps. They were in dreadful physical condition, of course, and the problem was how to make them healthier and happy. I created a chain of hotels in the Alps, centering around Chamonix. Naturally, those who came paid nothing, and we saw to it that they had no material concerns. You might say that 50% of the Club Méditerranée vacation formula already existed in that chain of hotels for concentration camp victims."

When his work was finished, Blitz looked, as he says, "for a métier in keeping with the times, an original one. One day in 1949 I was vacationing with my son in Corsica, near Calvi. We met some likable Frenchmen who also enjoyed the secluded sandy beaches but had no idea what to do with themselves. That set me to thinking."

In 1950 the Club Méditerranée opened its first village in Alcudia on Majorca. In 1953 the club had four small villages. By 1956 there were six good-size villages (the word "camp" is never, never used) in which some 16,000 members spent their holidays. In 1957 the club opened two winter villages and attracted 23,000 vacationers. This year

*continued*

The Moorea village is on a coconut plantation. Each of the thatched huts has two beds and a sink.







Suzanne, swathed in a Polynesian pareu, gives club member Rachel Gold of Belgium, barely clad at all, a lesson in the *ramouré*, the lively Tahitian version of the hula.

Beneath a thatchwork of palm fronds, two girls lunch on *langoustes à la parisienne*, caught by snorkeling members of the club and prepared by the club's French chef.





Blitz estimates that the club will cater to almost 80,000 holidayers. "We have always had to turn down a great many applicants," says Blitz.

Blitz plans to build 20 additional villages, several in what he terms "the touristic periphery of the United States," notably Mexico and the Caribbean. Villages will not be constructed in the U.S., however. The club has about 750 American members, and this winter Blitz expects another 1,000 will fly in chartered planes to the St. Moritz village. Next year he will open at least one village in Russia, either on the Black Sea or in the Caucasus. "Wouldn't it be a fine thing," says Blitz, "if, for instance, young Americans and young Russians spent their holidays together?" The club has also arranged to charter Russian planes to fly members to the Tokyo Olympics.

**T**he Club Méditerranée is an extremely profitable enterprise. Its gross earnings for 1962, according to Blitz, were \$14 million. "We are American in our efficiency and in much of our outlook, too," he says. Blitz and his partner, Gilbert Trigano, who joined the firm in 1953, control and operate it, but a one-third interest was recently acquired by Baron Edmond de Rothschild.

Blitz and Trigano own other concerns closely allied to the club. Under the name of Trigano they manufacture and sell camping and trailer equipment. In fact, Blitz says they are Europe's biggest camping goods manufacturer; they grossed about \$14 million here, too, in 1962. They also have a store in Paris' St. Lazare railroad station called La Centrale Sousmarine that sells underwater sports equipment. "It is the largest store of its kind in the world," says Gérard Blitz. Yet another of their related businesses is a boat rental company (SCORECARD, June 10).

The popularity of the villages is due not only to their low cost. The overall price of the rail trip from Paris and two weeks in the Corfu village is \$135 for French members. That is inexpensive, but not really cheap, for the French. Other tourist groups offer cheaper "all-in" vacations in similar places.

In 1958, Dominique Leroux, a Paris agent of a German household-furnishings company, went with his wife to the Capri village, which is no longer in existence. "It was absolutely marvelous," Leroux recalls. "The transportation from Paris, the sports facilities, the food and wine, the leisure-time entertainment and possibilities were perfect. Never have I been able to practice so fully water skiing, swimming, sailing and volleyball.

"During the next three summers we went on our own to Italy. That was because we had a baby boy, and the club

didn't accept children under 5. Once we went by train and twice by car, and for food and rooms we spent about the same amount of money the Capri holiday cost us. On our own in Italy, we found ourselves lying on the beach all day just vegetating. There were no sports, no people to meet and play games with. It was depressing and boring. Last year, when our boy was 5, we went to the Santa Giulia village in Corsica. We chose it because there are no waves or wind and the sea is shallow for 700 feet offshore. For the same reasons this summer we plan to go to Pakostane in Yugoslavia. I cannot say the club villages are comfortable, but the immense sporting possibilities more than compensate for the lack of material comfort."

Irish-French Editorial Secretary Leish Morin has been to Corfu and the winter village of Monier. "Think of how costly ski lifts and water skiing are," she says. "I simply couldn't afford to go with my three children, or even alone, to a ski resort and ski to my heart's content. Another advantage of a village is that there are no surprises, no disastrous extras, no worrying about daily tipping. [There is no tipping anywhere in French Polynesia and, hence, no tipping at any Club Méditerranée village.] Apart from drinks at the bar and excursions, absolutely everything is included. What's more, you can pay for your holiday on the installment plan, without interest. And, if you are lucky enough to be able to take your vacation early in June or in September you get a third week's holiday free."

Meteorologist Jean-Pierre Rabourdin praises "the high quality and copious quantities of food." Says Blitz: "The French cannot conceive of a holiday on which they don't eat very well and drink wine at every meal. That is why we employ first-rate French chefs and offer club members as much food and wine as they can down."

Blitz exaggerates. On Moorea, for instance, the food is good and plentiful, but there are no seconds of beef. But then beef comes from New Zealand, 2,000 miles distant. Now in its second year, the Moorean village is the showplace of the Club Méditerranée. Because of its small size, the relatively great expense of a holiday there—which accounts for an older, more prosperous clientele—and its locale, it is not really typical. Nor is it profitable; the village lost \$120,000 last year. It is, however, a place of unrivaled beauty and an enormous and gratifying calm.

We were about 50, mostly married couples, in the village on Moorea during the latter part of May: the majority French, with some Belgians, Italians and Swiss; there was a solitary and embattled Scotsman and one girl who came over from Tahiti for a week's vacation. Most of the G.M.s flew on the weekly TAI jet from Paris—with stops at Montreal and Los Angeles, where I boarded—to Papeete. One of the Frenchmen in our party was in real estate in Cannes and had lived in the U.S. for many years working for Packard cars. Another was a plump, compulsively jolly Paris pediatrician; she twisted fearfully, recalling the old song: "It must be jelly 'cause jam don't shake like that." There were a Belgian doctor who had abandoned his practice

*continued*

Color photographs by John Carlini

On the village beach the vacationists skin dive, snorkel, wade or just laze about in the clear water.

in Leopoldville, a group of young Italians—Angelo and I finished second in an outrigger race—who had won the trip as a prize in a newspaper contest involving the movie *Mutiny on the Bounty*, and a fellow who had been a bombardier in the Ethiopian campaign. Our patriarch was a 74-year-old Swiss gentleman who enjoyed playing *péranque* in the coconut grove. A coconut plantation is, McVilvie wrote, "one of the most beautiful, serene, witching places that ever was seen. High overhead are ranges of green, rustling arches; through which the sun's rays come down to you in sparkles. You seem to be wandering through illimitable halls of pillars; everywhere you catch glimpses of stately aisles, intersecting each other at all points. A strange silence, too, reigns far and near; the air flushed with the mellow stillness of a sunset."

The youngest among us, perhaps, was a lovely, sulky girl of 22 whose father was in the radio and TV business in Turin; she rode furiously on the village's little, tractable horses wearing one or another of her many bikinis, and backstroked like the wind. We had a taciturn Swiss with us, too; on a chain about his neck was a tiny gold key. He said, smiling, that it unlocked the sky.

Although Moorea is an ideal spot to read *Remembrance of Things Past* from beginning to end without interruption, there is always something to do, planned or impromptu, if you choose: snorkeling among the coral beads a few feet off the beach, spearfishing in the deep, astonishingly clear water of the pass, fishing for *mahi mahi* (dolphin) from the

*Keki II*, a big, brand-new sports fisherman that also goes on round-the-island cruises, horseback riding, paddling an outrigger canoe to the two islets that lie several hundred yards offshore, playing volleyball by eccentric Moorean rules, bicycling on the rutted road that encircles the island—Moorea is 50 miles in circumference—and sailing.

You can also take a day's trek up from Opunohu Bay. We climbed into the hills along a road that led past vanilla, coffee and banana plantations, then entered the gloom of the rain forest, descending under tall "canoe" trees, with roots called buttresses, to the excavated ruins of a 16th-century village. We ate lunch by a stream, then ascended and crossed ferny upland meadows where curious flowers display both purple and golden blossoms in the same cluster, and down again into cow pastures to visit a murky sulphur spring that is supposed to make you young again.

Another feature of the Club Méditerranée is extensive, guided sightseeing tours. A seven-day tour from Moorea, for example, includes three islands: first Tahiti, where you stay in a sort of sub-village the club has erected, next Bora-Bora, spending the night at the elegant Bora-Bora Hotel, where such diverse personalities as Eddie Arcaro and Noël Coward have sojourned. I passed up the first two stops and joined the 12 excursionists at the end of their stay in Bora-Bora. We then flew to Rangiroa, where the Bermuda flying boat landed in the lagoon and launches decorated with palm fronds took us ashore.

Rangiroa, 300 miles northeast of Tahiti, is the largest

## CLUB MEDITERRANÉE TRAVEL FACTS

The club, which welcomes American members (dues \$100), has 18 summer villages, including one afloat. Some open mid-May and all open by June 15. Five stay open till late October: Moorea, Israel, Morocco, Tunisia and Sicily. The nine other beach villages close at the end of September. The summer mountain villages—St. Moritz and Leyrin in Switzerland, Mondier in France—are open in mid-June. St. Moritz closes mid-August, the others mid-September. The club also has nine winter villages for skiing. All prices given below are for a two-week stay. At the beginning and end of the season a third week's stay is free. Excursion prices are extra. Agents in the U.S. are Club Méditerranée, 11478 Burbank Blvd., North Hollywood, Calif.; Dee Travel Agency, 342 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.; and all Air France offices.

Moorea, **FRENCH POLYNESIA** offers a two-week stay for \$200 exclusive of transportation. A third week here is free this summer. A 3½-day flying boat excursion to Bora-Bora (see page 39) costs \$108. Achrib, **ISRAEL** (\$120) is north of the little port of Acre, near Haifa. It is noted for under-

water fishing and its side trips (a week's tour of Jerusalem, Nazareth, Beersheba and the Negev costs \$90). Al Hoceima, **MOROCCO** (\$90) is on an immense beach in former Spanish Morocco. There is an excellent trip (9 days for \$116) to Marrakesh at the foot of the High Atlas. Djerba, **TUNISIA** (\$90) has superb underwater fishing. The island has not changed much since Homer made it the land of the Lotus-eaters in the *Odyssey*. A five-day tour of Tunisia, taking in Tunis and Carthage, costs \$60. There are four villages in Italy: one on the mainland, one off the coast of Sardinia and two in Sicily. Cefalù, **SICILY** (\$90) has an outstanding school for sailing and snorkeling. Lipari (\$120), an island village off the coast, is a scuba diver's paradise, but it is only for Spartans, and everyone is asleep by 10 p.m.

Palimuro, **ITALY** (\$90), 80 miles south of Naples, offers a splendid beach, water skiing and a \$30 excursion to Capri, Pompeii, Sorrento and Naples. The fourth Italian village is Capraia (\$90), an island off the coast of **SARDINIA**. It has the best sailing school in the club. Santa Giulia (\$100)

on **CORSICA**, completely isolated, has the club's best beach—and the safest. Cadaques, **SPAIN** (\$100), on the Costa Brava in Salvador Dali country, is luxurious by club standards. The chief sport is scuba diving. A four-day trip to Madrid and Toledo costs \$63. No children under 10 at this one. There are two villages in **YUGOSLAVIA**: Sveti Marko (\$100), with a trip to the mountains of Montenegro and trout fishing in the Black Lake for \$21, and Pokostane (\$100), with a three-day stay in Venice (\$42) or a six-day cruise down to Dubrovnik (\$50). **GREECE** has Aigion (\$90) on the Gulf of Corinth, with a week-long trip to Turkey by air (\$104), and Corfu (\$90), St. Aug. 22, 1960), which is so popular that there are two shifts for dinner. It is from Corfu that the floating village, a cakie, will be launched this year. Members must be qualified divers, and there is a waiting list.

The three mountain villages each cost \$120. They are ideal for children, who are allowed in when they are 4, at a reduced rate. Mountain climbing is the main activity. From St. Moritz—new this season—there are excursions to Italian lakes (\$21).

atoll in the Tuamotu archipelago. It is shaped rather like a running track, the track being a series of flat, narrow islets, the infield a lagoon 45 miles in circumference and 15 miles across at its greatest width. We docked at the village of Tiputa (pop. 200), and half the town was gathered at the quay to meet and inspect us. They greeted us with music and singing, dances and many kisses; necklaces made up of little shells were placed about our necks. Then we all linked arms—man-woman-man-woman and so forth as wide as the road—and marched under a ceremonial arch behind a guitar band to town. Children raced ahead on the road and along the low coral walls like beneficent scouts. We received the same welcome at Avatoru, a village on a neighboring islet, when we went there for lunch in the club's motor ketch *Eve* several days later. Avatoru is where Jeanette, the notorious transvestite, cooked and helped serve the fish we speared in the forenoon. Between courses we twisted while the band played and sang. "Oh, yes, that's my baby. . . ." Is there anywhere in the world you cannot find the twist, the housefly and Coca-Cola?

In the shaving mirror I can see, behind my familiar portrait, a corner of a pigpen, a breadfruit tree, the lagoon of Rangiroa. I am standing in what the lady who makes the beds—and collects whatever eggs the hens have laid on the flowered chintz spreads—told me was *la salle de bain*. In Tiputa we lived in the natives' houses; the occupants apparently double up with friends or relatives. *La salle de bain* is in the backyard and has corrugated iron walls that come up to my waist, a gravel floor and a curtained door. In one of its corners is a drum that the landlord fills with rainwater. There are, in addition, a plastic pitcher and a galvanized washbasin in which you can, indeed, take a bath. I bathe at evening. Sitting in the water, which has been agreeably heated by the sun, I look up and see only the rapidly darkening sky, hear, from the neighboring house, a piano concerto that is being broadcast by Tahiti's only radio station and am further enlaid. Rangiroa means big sky.

The mirror belongs to Charlie, a very *gentil membre*, who is called, to his annoyance, *Il Commandatore*. "Just call me Charlie," he pleads. Charlie owns a snack bar in the bus station in Inverness, Scotland. He told me his father had come to England from Italy with several companions; they went from door to door selling stucco figurines of Gladstone and Queen Victoria. Charlie said he was a motorcycle racer before going into the catering trade—fish and chips. He contends that the fish we eat here—it is generally served raw, first marinated in lemon juice, then soaked in coconut milk—cannot match "a nice piece of haddock." He did enjoy, however, the purple slate-pencil sea urchins and the Polynesian turbanes, a sort of snail, which we uprooted from the vast and desolate reef on the Pacific coast of the islet one afternoon. We were taken there by Serge Arnoux, the G.O. on Tiputa. One of Serge's grandparents was a Tahitian; he has sailed around the world in a

small boat and crossed New Guinea, jungle and mountain snow, on foot.

The urchins live on the reddish, eroded reef nearly under the surf. They seek pits and pocks in which to dwell, and it is impossible to pull them free from these sanctuaries. You can harvest only those which are imperceptibly wandering across the nearly level reef; it is a matter of running between the breakers to seize them. In order to eat one, you grab it by the spines and smash it against a coral outcropping until you can extract the orange coral, or ovaries, which is very sweet. The spines, when they have dried in the sun, turn lavender in color, the shade of ink on old letters written a long time ago by old and genteel ladies. Eating turbanes is just a matter of battering their shells apart. You knock a larger turbine against a smaller turbine, then consume the entire animal. You are left with its pule, smooth, round door, or cat's eye. On the reef, too, Serge showed us the poetic and poisonous scorpion fish.

When it becomes dark, Charlie and I walk to ToToma's Bar (*totoma* means, prosaically, cucumber). We pass the field where once a week some of the Tiputan men hold a competition. They hurl javelins at a coconut set on a high pole. They fling them underhand; the javelins look like needlefish swimming in the air. The fellow who keeps score clips his ballpoint to his floral *coussour*. It is a very difficult sport. They made us try our hand at it before an assemblage consisting of the entire village. We were, at any rate, a great source of amusement.

Charlie walks on my left side so he can listen to what I say with his better ear. He will, no doubt, tell me, roundabout where the grass road becomes hard dirt: "You cannot have a paradise without a little bit of hell." On Moorea, Charlie's hell was the mosquitoes; he is very fair. In *Omoo*, Melville relates the manner in which the mosquitoes were introduced:

"Some years previous, a whaling captain, touching at an adjoining bay, got into difficulty with its inhabitants, and at last carried his complaint before one of the native tribunals; but receiving no satisfaction, and deeming himself aggrieved, he resolved upon taking signal revenge. One night, he towed a rotten old water-cask ashore, and left it in a neglected *Turo* patch, where the ground was warm and moist. Hence the mosquitoes.

"I tried my best to learn the name of this man: and hereby do what I can to hand it down to posterity. It was Coleman—Nathan Coleman. The ship belonged to Nantucket.

"When tormented by the mosquitoes, I found much relief in coupling the word 'Coleman' with another of one syllable, and pronouncing them together energetically."

In Tiputa, Charlie's hell is "those great, bleeding bells." At 6 every morning the church bells ring out from the belfry, which overlooks a concrete basketball court. The cocks precede the bells by several hours, crowing in the dark like the trumpets of the Apocalypse. From time to time in the night the dogs fight noisily, and once two girls went at it under the breadfruit trees. There are many dogs in Tiputa, emaciated hounds with heavy heads, tattered ears and a

*continued*



#### TOTAL VACATIONS *continued*

*number of wounds and sores. I was told they waded into the lagoon and patiently fish for their meager supper. I asked someone, didn't the Tiputans like their dogs? "Yes," was his reply, "in curry." It is the sort of answer I often got. I once asked a man what kind of fruit a child was eating. "It is," he said, "the kind of fruit that Tiputan children are always eating." There is a phrase in French Polynesia, much like *mañana*, which covers all perplexities, delays and insufficiencies: "C'est Pacifique." I was also told that there*

*are two seasons in French Polynesia, the rainy season and the season when it rains—and that in some hotels the management places large and hairy spiders in the rooms to keep down the mosquitoes. Charlie and I had a sinister coil of mosquito punk on our night table. It was manufactured in Hong Kong by The Blood Protection Co., Ltd.*

*ToToma's Bar is run by François, a Corsican whose hair is almost as long and curly as one of the old Louis. His bar is a shack, you sit on a bench outside under the palm*



thatch eaves. Francois' specialty is the ToToma Special: the ingredients vary from night to night according to his whim and what he has in stock. His best special contains a jigger of dark rum, a jigger of white wine, lime juice, sugar, pineapple juice and ice. He stirs it, samples it, announces, "*C'est bon,*" and places it before you.

While I drink, children play a variant of hopscotch by the light of the bar's kerosene lamp until François shoos them off. Four or five dogs sleep beyond the light, identi-

Bora-Bora, popular excursion stop for club visitors to Moorea, looms blue above the spindrift.

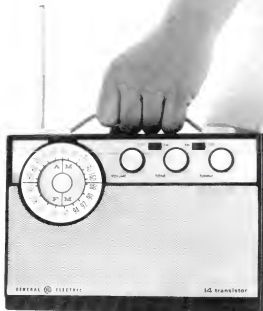
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cally curled. There are splashes in the harbor. Have the leopard rays come back? They are easily a yard across. I saw them in the morning, darkly maculate, turning and returning together like partners in a dance in their devious search above the litter of bottle caps.

END



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### A Lanky Yank *continued*

I.C. Norton, a tough, wiry South African, beat Manuel Alonso, the fleet Spaniard, in a five-set final for the right to meet Tilden.

A line started forming outside Wimbledon at 4 a.m. on the day of the Challenge Round. Only a handful of insiders knew, however, that Tilden was in bad physical shape. Norton started the match by winning the first set 6-4 and followed it with a quick win in the second, 6-2. Then Tilden dug in, playing solely on his nerve. The tennis was not of a high caliber and wild rumors were



TILDEN MADE EVERY SET A DRAMA



she  
thinks  
a  
duckpin  
is a  
fine  
feathered  
friend...

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flying all over the hushed stadium. The most fantastic of these was that Tilden had made a bet that he could spot Norton the first two sets and still beat him.

In the third set Tilden promptly went into a 3-0 lead, and the South African decided to let the set go to concentrate on the next one. In the fourth set Tilden again jumped into a 3-0 lead, and again Norton decided to throw the set to stake all on the fifth and final set. This was a fatal mistake.

Tilden began to sense victory. His play, miraculously, began to improve; Norton's did too. Games went to four-all. Norton then won his service and got to 40-30 (match point) on Tilden's delivery. After a brief exchange, Tilden chopped the ball straight down the sideline. He started to the net to shake hands with Norton, thinking his ball was out. It landed squarely on the line and Norton drove the ball out by inches on a hard-hit cross-court shot. Then Tilden smashed the ball into the net to go down match point again, but the South African knocked the ball out of the court three times in succession to lose the game and his last chance. Tilden quickly ran out the match 7-5.

END

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# BASEBALL'S WEEK

**THE PLAYER** One instant the ball was over home plate. Then the Cubs' Billy Williams swung savagely and the next instant the ball was disappearing over Houston's right-center-field wall where the sign reads "423 feet." It was a terrible thing to happen to a young man on the verge of becoming the best hitter in the National League. So satisfying was the sweet sting of the monster home run that Williams set out to duplicate it with every swing and even a bad batter can tell you what happens next. Nineteen times Williams swung from the heels. The sound and the fury was good for only two hits and finally Manager Bob Kennedy took Williams aside. "Remember that home run in Houston?" he asked. "Well, forget it. Hit straightaway." Williams did just that and went 13 for 22. Mostly Williams' hits were crisp singles but, to no one's surprise, a couple left the ball park. At the end of the week, Williams was right there where everyone expects him to be: among the top hitters.



BILLY WILLIAMS

**THE TEAM** The last Red clattered into the clubhouse. Slim went the door. Clark went the belt. Club officials stared uneasily. Manager Fred Hutchinson has been known to demolish chairs, lockers, mirrors—just about anything he can get his hands on after losing games, and the Reds had just dropped their second straight. Old Crosley Field was in definite trouble. No outsider knows for sure what Hutchinson did in there but it must have been dramatic because the Reds have lost only one game since. Jim O'Toole and Jim Maloney won four games, hardly surprising since they have been doing most of the winning for the Reds all season. Then Boondoggie Bob Purkey put in a quick call to his mother-in-law asking her to send on a film made of him in action. "I discovered a flaw," and Purkey, who then went out and helped beat the Phillies' Ray Culp 2-1. Vada Pinson's freak triple was the bug hit. "It was a shame for Culp to lose it," said Hutch with a mournful look that quickly changed into a wide grin. Then John Tsubutsu shut out the Colt .45s and Hutchinson's face almost split. "I think we're going to be in it," he said. With the Reds just off the pace it had the sound of a classic understatement.

## NATIONAL LEAGUE

THE WEEK	W	L	HITS	DPP	HITS	WALKS	OPP	WALKS	LOB	OPP	LOB
CINCINNATI	7	1	75	58	28	64	54	51	70	51	57
CHICAGO	5	2	71	43	17	57	55	39	67	55	43
ST. LOUIS	5	2	72	59	25	57	53	47	67	53	47
SAN FRANCISCO	4	3	63	48	24	55	55	33	67	55	33
MILWAUKEE	4	4	54	27	14	52	40	55	67	55	40
PITTSBURGH	4	4	76	25	21	57	53	63	67	53	63
LOS ANGELES	4	4	59	56	18	53	51	34	67	53	34
PHILADELPHIA	3	5	66	62	12	58	49	69	67	58	49
HOUSTON	1	6	44	67	29	54	48	68	67	54	48
NEW YORK	1	6	48	75	24	51	48	68	67	51	48

## THE SEASON\*

	HITS	IP	SD
ST. LOUIS	53	349	351
SAN FRANCISCO	37	349	329
LOS ANGELES	69	349	329
CINCINNATI	55	349	329
CHICAGO	55	349	329
MILWAUKEE	46	349	329
PITTSBURGH	2	349	329
PHILADELPHIA	6	349	329
HOUSTON	41	349	329
NEW YORK	59	349	329

**THE PLAYER** Like clever women shoppers, general managers have discovered that the way to come up with a bargain is to check labels. On today's market, players with Milwaukee tags are preferred 2 to 1 over all Brand X products. Joey Jay, Ed Charles, Joe Adcock, Carlton Willey and Juan Pizarro are among the bargains called from the Braves in recent years. Now comes Joe Azcue, currently catching for Cleveland. Last season, after being packed off to the Athletics by the Braves, Azcue hit .229. A month ago, however, General Manager Gabe Paul of the Indians went shopping. Seeking a shortstop, he obtained Dick Howser of the Athletics and, noting the ex-Milwaukee label, grabbed Azcue, too. A day later All-Star Catcher John Romano was hurt. Azcue jumped right in and for a while hit over .400. Last week he slumped, getting only seven hits, but these were hardly ordinary hits. They produced eight RBIs and led to three victories, one was coming on a ninth-inning homer.



JOE AZCUE

**THE TEAM** With Mickey Mantle out with a broken foot, the New York Yankees lost three games in a row and fell to third place. Just as great satons crumble because of internal disorders, the Yankees appeared doomed by internal disorders, too, of bones, muscles and ligaments. This was the moment for some team, any team, to move into first as if it belonged there. Well, one did. The Yankees. They regrouped, won 12 of their next 15 games, and personally took care of the threatening Red Sox. Jim Bouton, his chin marked with a dozen stitches as the result of a line drive, came back to win twice. Phil Linz took over for the injured Tony Kuback at shortstop and hit .321. When Linz twisted his knee, Clete Boyer moved over from third base and batted .355. Bobby Richardson, shaken by the death of his father, returned to the lineup earlier than expected, went 5-for-9 and won a game with a ninth-inning double. No one, however, did more than Roger Maris to fill the void left by Mantle. In one 11-day stretch he came through with hits that won four games. Last week he drove in 10 runs, winning two contests with homers and another with a squeeze bunt to put the Yankees back on top.

## AMERICAN LEAGUE

THE WEEK	W	L	HITS	DPP	HITS	WALKS	OPP	WALKS	LOB	OPP	LOB
NEW YORK	7	1	70	56	23	54	54	57	67	54	57
LOS ANGELES	6	1	64	36	12	57	55	39	67	55	39
CHICAGO	5	2	66	56	27	51	56	43	67	51	56
CLEVELAND	3	5	67	39	23	56	55	33	67	56	33
BOSTON	6	3	100	63	26	59	56	68	67	59	56
MINNESOTA	4	4	67	63	27	53	54	63	67	53	54
DETROIT	2	5	58	51	26	57	54	68	67	57	54
BALTIMORE	3	7	50	85	20	54	64	58	67	54	64
KANSAS CITY	1	6	33	82	29	50	43	69	67	50	43
WASHINGTON	2	6	67	67	25	56	63	55	67	56	63

	HITS	IP	SD
NEW YORK	76	349	351
CHICAGO	32	349	329
BOSTON	32	349	329
CLEVELAND	32	349	329
MINNESOTA	32	349	329
BALTIMORE	32	349	329
LOS ANGELES	32	349	329
KANSAS CITY	32	349	329
DETROIT	32	349	329
WASHINGTON	32	349	329

\*through Saturday, June 22



# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## FOR WANT OF MANTLE

Sirs:

Bob Creamer's article, *For the Want of a Warning a Preview Was Lost* (June 17), is an insult to the intelligence of baseball fans everywhere and is especially an insult to the capabilities of the other Yankee players.

In his hysterically emotional outburst, Mr. Creamer completely ignores the facts. In the first place, the Orioles took advantage of nothing. It is a matter of record that they have beaten the Yankees with Mantle in the lineup. In the second place, every major league team suffers injuries to key players, who are just as important to their clubs as Mantle is to the Yankees. There is nothing sacred about either Mantle or the Yankees.

If the Yankees do fail to win the pennant, as Mr. Creamer implies, simply because they cannot do without the services of Mickey Mantle for less than one-quarter of the total baseball season, then they most certainly do not deserve to win it.

JAMES I. RANDALL

Baltimore

Sirs:

It is a sad story that Robert Creamer tells about the breaking of Mickey Mantle's foot. However, like the Baltimore fans, I, too, cheer.

When have Yankees ever been easy on their opponents? The Yankees weren't very sad when Herb Score got hurt. Just why should anyone pity them now?

MILTON E. STILES

Kalispell, Mont.

Sirs:

If this is the kind of fan Baltimore has, they don't deserve ending up in 10th place, let alone first. We all realize winning is the important thing, but it's better to beat a healthy team than a crippled one.

My vote goes to Mantle and the Yankees, for the pennant and the Series.

JOE ALANSEY

Mahanoy City, Pa.

Sirs:

It would be more accurate to say that "a few of" the crowd cheered. No mention was made of the standing ovation Mantle received that lasted the entire time it took to carry him from center field to the dugout.

DONNA BRANNAN

Baltimore

Sirs:

Unless you just prefer to think the worst of Baltimore's baseball fans, why not give them the benefit of this doubt:

Most baseball players—and Mickey Man-

tle in particular—have such stiff upper lips that they'll stay in a game if barely able to stand upright or, failing that, will limp off the field, as nearly under their own power as possible. The ordinary garden-variety fan sitting in the grandstand therefore imagines the worst kind of calamities when his heroes are carried from the fray on litters.

Having thus been left for three full innings to imagine that Mantle might have sustained anything from a badly broken ankle that would bench him for the season to some career-ending nerve or back injury, the Baltimore fans were, I believe, expressing relief that Mantle had only sustained the fracture of a very small bone.

JEANNE HERNON

Tulare, Calif.

## OFF-BROADWAY CLAY

Sirs:

I read with much interest your story on Cassius Clay in Britain (*C' Marella Clay Esq.*, June 10). It was my opportunity during the past 10 days to talk informally and casually with Cassius, with particular reference to my mission as chairman of the California Emergency Committee for Safeguards in Professional Boxing.

My talk with Cassius came by chance. Staying at the same hotel with him, the Piccadilly, I found him either in the lounge or at breakfast, relaxed and himself—Cassius oblige, not the onstage master exhibitionist. I found him intelligent and imaginative, friendly and warm, shrewdly charting his course for a sensational and spectacular success—something a salesperson might well envy.

Cassius has a passion, real and relentless, to become the youngest heavyweight champion who ever lived. He wants to meet Liston after the Patterson fight to achieve that end. He may run into crucial conflict with older, wiser heads. In any event, he feels he is a boxer of destiny, not only in the title that awaits him, but in the restoration of popularity and prestige he can bring to the manly art. He wants to help create boxing clubs for youth in New York, and he wants to humanize boxing without destroying it as a spectacle.

He feels, too, he has a mission—that of becoming an enlightened and effective fighter for his people's rights.

Last, but not least, he has under consideration the acquisition of a library of choice poetry and prose that should give him a new posture in the humanities.

I thought you would like this bit, incidentally gathered.

SOE SILVERMAN

London

## ON THE RIVER

Sirs:

Tom Moyer's is the first under-the-skin exposition of 150-pound crew I have ever read (*The Cadences of Crew*, June 10).

So often overshadowed by their counterparts, the heavies, the lightweights are seldom recognized for their equal and sometimes surpassing dedication, anguish and relative ability and power.

GORDON GUND

San Diego

Sirs:

We admire the prologue but not the conclusion of the following exchange about Cornell's boathouse in your rowing story:

"The boathouse . . . is clean, new, big. Lots of knoleum and glass and stainless steel. Much nicer than our boathouse."

"It doesn't smell like sweat," someone notes, sniffling happily.

"They have state money," someone else says."

A Harvard man ought to know that Cornell University is a privately endowed institution. It does conduct certain academic programs for the State of New York on contract. There are no state funds for athletics.

Mr. John L. Collyer, Cornell '17, former stroke oar of championship Cornell crews and retired president and chairman of the board of the B. F. Goodrich Company, donated his own private funds to build the beautiful edifice that bears his name.

ROBERT J. KANE

Director of Athletics, Cornell University  
Ithaca, N.Y.

Sirs:

I am one of many who enjoyed your recent articles on college rowing. As a prep-school oarsman at the Choate School in Wallingford, Conn., I naturally read these in hopes that I may someday hold a seat in a college eight; however, I feel I represent a great number of rowing fans in saying that you have neglected an important side of the sport: club competition.

One of the great differences between the college rower and club rower is that the latter is not out in quest of glory, a letter or a 10-foot silver trophy, but for lasting friendships, personal pleasure and a feeling of accomplishment. Thousands of oarsmen, from 14 to 40, row every summer in regattas all over this country because they love the sport and the competition. And club crews often leave the colleges in second place. The club oarsmen deserve recognition.

PETER C. JOHNSON

Worcester, Mass.

continued



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#### 10TH HOLE continued

Sirs:

Re Jon S. Butler's comment in 19TH HOLE (June 17): "Why not face it? A good club crew can always beat the best college crew." Either Mr. Butler has been listening to some very persuasive club rowers or he has never read the record. College eights won the Olympic eight-oared championships for the U.S. in 1920 (Navy), 1924 (Yale), 1928 and 1932 (California), 1936 (Washington), 1948 (California), 1952 (Navy) and 1956 (Yale). A Washington four-oared with cox won the 1948 Olympic title, a Rutgers pair without cox, the 1952 Olympic title, etc. Finally, in 1960, a Navy eight placed fifth behind a lot of foreign crews in Rome.

However, there is, and always will be, a lot of difference between rowing 1 3/4 miles (the Olympic distance—2,000 meters) under millpond conditions and three miles into a wind. With all due respect to a great Ratzburg crew, if the 1964 Olympic eight-oared final is rowed into a nice stiff breeze in Tokyo, the U.S. college eight that will probably carry the American hopes should be able to handle the competition.

About 60% of all college races in America have been rowed into a head wind; at least my late father, Rusty Callow, coached his crews at Washington, Penn and Navy with that expectation. Taking absolutely nothing away from the Ratzburg coach or his fine crew, it should be recognized that the old Fort Benning Infantry School stock reply is applicable on rowing, to wit, "Sir, it all depends on the conditions and the terrain"—in this case, wind and water. So far, no coach has yet been able to demonstrate that he has all the answers to the old shell game. That's one of the many factors that keep it interesting, year in and year out.

This is an overlong answer to Mr. Butler's flat assertion. My whole point is: let's not get carried away by the senseless club-versus-college dock talk with the Olympics a year away. The best way to settle the argument is to line up the crews and start the clock next July (1964). I dare say both college and club oarsmen will make the trip to Tokyo. Let's hope they're ready for Ratzburg's boys. They can be, but somebody will have to bleed a little in the interim.

GORDON CALLOW

Washington

#### FRANK TALK

Sirs:

Who in the world does Morton Sharnik think he is? Does he realize that he quoted Cincinnati Coach Reggie Otero as saying that Frank Robinson is as good as Mickey Mantle (*Moosey Tiger of the Reds*, June 17)? Why, Robinson couldn't clean Mantle's spikes. I suggest he think twice before he airs any more opinions.

DALL HANSON

Newton, Kans.

Sirs:

It seemed like Morton Sharnik had a grudge against Robbie; he pointed out all his bad points. I am not saying Robbie doesn't have some, but Mr. Sharnik made him look like a mixture of Ty Cobb and Al Capone.

J. P. LYONS

Covington, Ky.

Sirs:

I think your article on Frank Robinson was magnificent. I do not think most sportswriters give Frank Robinson enough credit for his wonderful ballplaying. It takes a lot of nerve (good character) to believe in baseball and want to play one's best in every game.

STEPHEN F. MANN

Mission, Ill.

Sirs:

I enjoyed Mr. Sharnik's article on Frank Robinson. However, I don't believe he does Floyd Robinson of the White Sox justice when he refers to him as a "good average guy."

This good average guy is currently third in the league in batting with .332, sixth in RBIs with 42 and among the leaders in runs scored.

DAN MCINTYRE

Atlanta

#### BOYLING MAD

Sirs:

Your article, *The Word was "Griffith"* (June 17), was the biggest bunch of baloney I have ever read. Mr. Boyle must be crooked himself if he knew of all those preflight predictions. Anyone in his right mind could clearly see that Emile Griffith won the welterweight title squarely on his own ability and not on some stupid rumor.

KEVIN LATHAM

Braintree, Mass.

Sirs:

Most of the time I think your writers know what they're talking about. I was surprised therefore, by the statement of Robert H. Boyle, who thinks he is a better referee than anyone else. I wish Mr. Boyle would quit guessing and try to write about something he knows. He apparently doesn't know too much about boxing. Griffith, without a doubt, won the fight.

FRANK VALDEZ

Livingston, Calif.

Sirs:

After reading the account of the Griffith-Rodriguez fight, we find ourselves in complete agreement with Mr. Boyle's opening comment on boxing. Once more an undeserved feat has been placed upon a fighter due to a "bum decision."

CHUCK ROBERT  
DAVE BLACK

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